

Highlights

THE MONTHLY BOOK

October
1960

for Children

fun

Nature 8-9
Science 18
Columbus 22-23
Science 29-30
Children of Thailand 37-38

with a purpose

Hello!



Stories and Features

A Chat With the Editor	5
Aloysius and His Halloween Trick—Sydney K. Davis	6
Such Table Manners!—K. L. Boynton	8
Moses Has a Great Surprise—Dora P. Chaplin, S.T.D.	10
The Bear Family—Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph.D.	11
The Timbertoes—John Gee	12
Sammy Spivens—Dorothy Waldo Phillips	13
Gabriel Goes A-haunting—Barbee Oliver Carleton	16
Try This!	18
Now, What Do You Say?—Sesyle Joslin	20
Christopher Columbus	22
Sally Plays a Trick on Mark—Edith Vestal	24
The Mystery of the Missing Squashes—Jane H. Bailey	26
Goofus and Gallant—Garry Cleveland Myers	28
Things You've Wondered About—Jack Myers, Ph.D.	29
Our Own Page	32
Andante—arranged by Irene Harrington Young	34
Ludwig van Beethoven—Irene Bennett Needham	35
Children of Thailand	37

Verse

Thanks for Acorns—Bertha Wilcox Smith	10
---------------------------------------	----

Things to Do

Find the Pictures	3
Getting Ready To Read	14
Favorite Foreign Recipes	14
For Wee Folks	15
Matching Pictures	18
To Make You Think	19
Fun With Phonics	25
What Are They Doing?	30
Hidden Pictures—Z. Virginia Filson	31
Tricks and Teasers	33
Crossword Puzzle—Carol Conner	36
Halloween Party—Bernice Walz	38
Pumpkin-eyes Guessing Game—Ruth Perdew	39
Things To Do—Carolyn F. Young and others	40
Headwork	42

This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow in basic skills and knowledge, in creativeness, in ability to think and reason, in sensitivity to others, in high ideals and worthy ways of living—for CHILDREN are the world's most important people.

Awarded

The 1960 Brotherhood certificate of recognition

by

The National Conference of Christians and Jews

Published monthly, except bimonthly June-July and August-September.
by HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, Inc.
Business Offices: 2300 W. Fifth Ave., Columbus 16, Ohio
Editorial Offices: Honesdale, Pa.
HIGHLIGHTS is sold nationally by bonded representatives. It is not sold on newsstands.

30 Issues (Three Years) \$15.00

50 Issues (Five Years) \$23.50

Limited Library Edition

(30 Monthly Issues, individually bound) \$29.95

Extra postage to foreign countries (except Possessions and Canada) \$1.00 per year.
Send CHANGE OF ADDRESS information, giving old and new address (preferably with recent address label) to HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, INC., P.O. Box 269, Columbus 16, Ohio. Please include your postal zone number when you write to us.

Contributors are invited to send original work of high quality—stories, articles, verse, puzzles, craft ideas—to HIGHLIGHTS Editorial Offices, Honesdale, Pa.
Editorial requirements and payment schedules on request.

Second Class Postage paid at Columbus, Ohio, and at additional mailing offices.

Find the Pictures**When the Frost Is on the Punkin**

By James Whitcomb Riley

When the frost is on the punkin
and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyoock and gobble
of the struttin' turkey cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys,
and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer
as he tiptoes on the fence;
Oh, it's then's the times a feller
is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him
from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded,
and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin
and the fodder's in the shock.

Can you find
each of these
small pictures
at another place
in this book?



A Guide for Parents and Teachers

This chart is to guide parents and teachers in selecting features from this issue which will prove most helpful to each particular child.

Page

	Preparation for Reading	Easy Reading	More Advanced Reading	Manners, Conduct, Living With Others	Health and Safety	Moral or Spiritual Values	Appreciation of Music and Other Arts	Nature and Science	Our Country, Other Lands and Peoples	Stimulation To Think and Reason	Stimulation To Create
3 Find the Pictures	✓										
5 Editorial		✓	✓								
6 Aloysius		✓									
8 Such Table Manners!		✓				✓					
10 Bible Story		✓			✓						
11 The Bear Family	✓	✓	✓								
12 The Timbertoes	✓	✓									
13 Sammy Spivens		✓	✓								
14 Getting Ready To Read	✓	✓		✓				✓	✓		
15 For Wee Folks	✓	✓							✓		
16 Gabriel			✓								
18 Try This!—Matching		✓	✓			✓		✓			
19 To Make You Think	✓	✓							✓		
20 Now, What Do You Say?		✓		✓					✓		
22 Christopher Columbus			✓				✓				
24 Sally Plays a Trick		✓									
25 Fun With Phonics	✓	✓	✓					✓			
26 The Missing Squashes			✓								
28 Goofus and Gallant	✓	✓	✓								
29 Things Wondered About			✓			✓		✓			
30 What Are They Doing?	✓	✓						✓			
31 Hidden Pictures	✓	✓						✓			
32 Our Own Page		✓							✓		
33 Tricks and Teasers		✓						✓			
35 Ludwig van Beethoven	✓			✓							
36 Crossword Puzzle	✓							✓			
37 Children of Thailand	✓							✓			
38 Halloween Party	✓								✓		
39 Guessing Game	✓										
40 Things To Do	✓									✓	
42 Headwork	✓	✓	✓							✓	

This star seen at the bottom of many pages indicates a footnote to parents and teachers.

What Is Emphasized

Editorial Advisory Board

Marjorie Barrows, formerly Editor of Treasure Trails; Editor-In-Chief of The Children's Hour, Chicago, Ill.

Emmett A. Betts, Ph.D., Betts Reading Clinic, Haverford, Pa.

John E. Bourne, Ed.D., Professor, Education and Psychology, University of Scranton, Scranton, Pa.

Frank B. Cetner, Ph.D., Professor of Botany, Montana State College, Bozeman, Mont.

Edgar A. Delf, Ph.D., School Psychologist, Bellingham Public Schools, Bellingham, Wash.

Rabbi Jerome D. Folkman, Ph.D., Temple Israel, Columbus, Ohio

Richard I. Garton, Education Division, Boy Scouts of America, New Brunswick, N. J.

Anna H. Hayes, Litt.D., Twin Falls, Idaho. Past President, National Congress of Parents and Teachers

Afton Dill Nance, Consultant in Elementary Education, State Department of Education, Sacramento, Calif.

Sister Mary Nila, O.S.F., Director, The Archbishop Cushing Educational Clinic, Boston, Mass.

The Reverend Richard Pacini, Minister, Fairmount Presbyterian Church, Cleveland Heights, Ohio

A. J. Pellettieri, Ph.D., Director, Reading Clinic and Guidance Center, University of St. Thomas, Houston, Texas

Paul Popeno, Ph.D., Director, American Institute of Family Relations, Los Angeles, Calif.

G. E. Reaman, Ph.D., Professor of Speech, Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada

Katherine Reeves, Professor, Child Development and Family Relations, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Bess N. Rosa, Associate Professor, Child Development and Home Relations, University of North Carolina, Greensboro, N. C.

Gladys M. Rossdeutscher, Pianist and Faculty Member, Eastman School of Music, Rochester, N. Y.

D. J. Sanders, D.D.S., Head, Department of Pedodontics, College of Dental Surgery, University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.

The Very Reverend Francis B. Sayre, Jr., Dean, Washington Cathedral, Washington, D. C.

Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, Litt.D., The Temple, Cleveland, Ohio

Alice Sowers, Ph.D., Director, Family Life Institute, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

Willis A. Sutton, D.Ped., Past President, National Education Association, former Superintendent of Schools, Atlanta, Ga.

H. Kent Tenney, M.D., Professor of Clinical Pediatrics, Medical School, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Mabel Wood, Professor, Home Economics, University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.

Let's Talk Things Over

"Good morning, Mr. Munson," Martha always says to the mailman, when he arrives with the mail. He likes to come to Martha's home. He likes her cheery smile and her lovely way of greeting him. Martha also likes the way he says, "Good morning, Martha," to her.

Martha also knows the name of the man who carries the garbage and ashes from her home. She likes to talk to him, see him smile, and hear him chuckle. The milkman and the breadman Martha knows, too.

Perhaps you enjoy such helpers who come to your home, the way Martha does. Is there a person who comes every day to help your mother in the house or comes once a week or so? She may come to help clean and tidy up the house. She may come to cook the meals. She may come to wash and iron the clothes for the family. Or she may come to stay with you on evenings when your father and mother go away.

Have you ever thought how kind and lovely these helping persons are and how much they do for you? They are very important persons. It would be hard to get along without their help.

Once they were children no larger or older than you are now. Perhaps they have brothers and sisters or children of their own, children who are sometimes very good and sometimes not so very good, children who get sick sometimes—just like you.

These persons who come to your home to help sometimes get sick or tired, sometimes feel happy or sad or angry or worried, just as you do or your mother does.

Often other persons make you feel better when

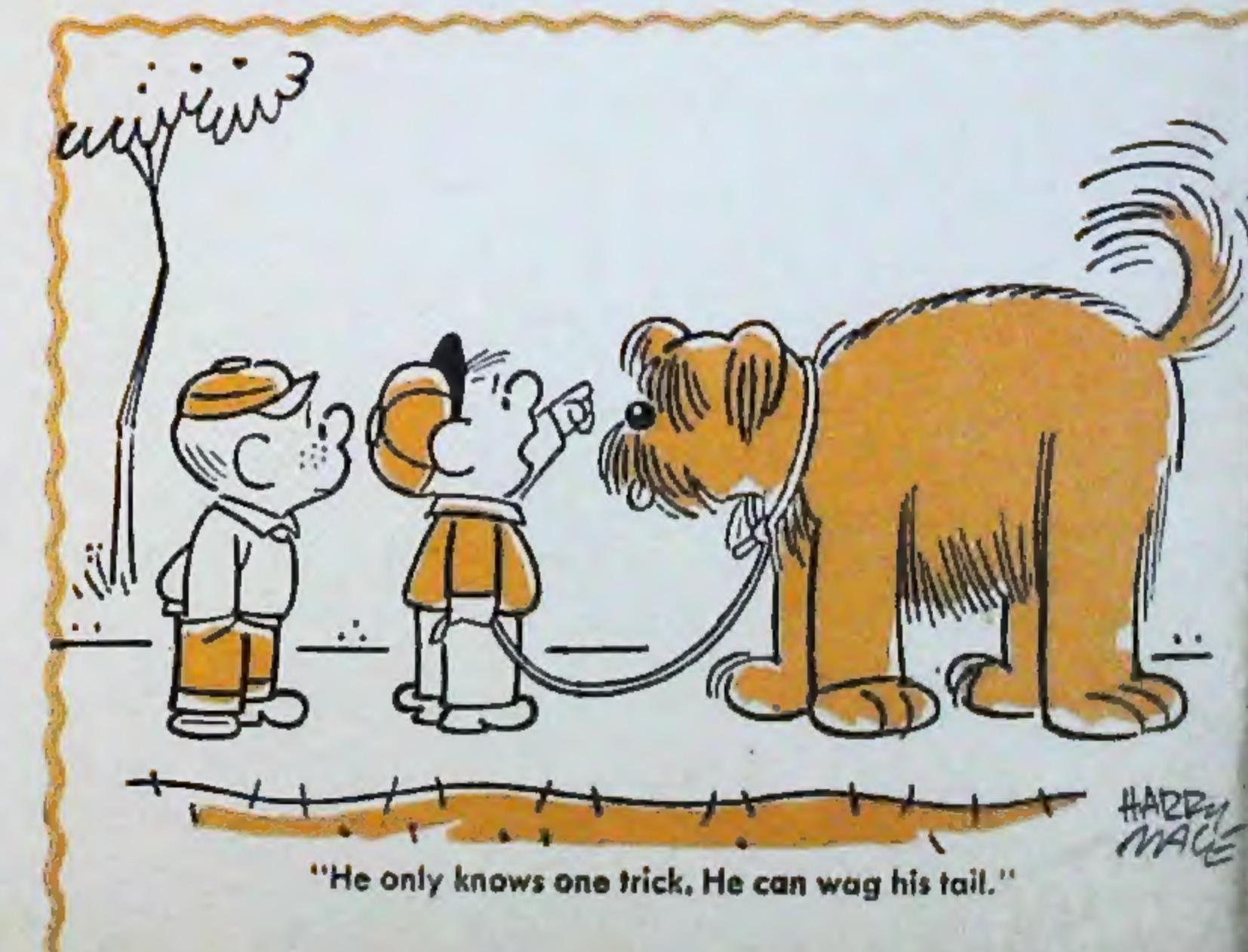
you are sick, less weary when you are tired, and more cheerful when you are angry, sad, or worried. Also other persons can make you feel worse when you are sick or tired or angry, worried, or sad.

Do you suppose you have anything to do with the way the helpers at your home feel? Would you really like them to feel less weary and worried, and more cheerful and happy, because you are around? You have always wanted to be liked by many playmates. You also want to be liked by all the big persons who come there to help. You wish that when they go home they would tell the other persons there about you and how kind and lovely you are. Did you ever wonder what they really do say about you at their homes?

Did you ever talk to your father or mother at quiet, happy times about the kindness of all the persons who come to your home to help there? If you have done so, you soon got to talking about what you might do to be more kind and lovely to these persons. Soon you thought of many ways.

You may be able to name some of them right now—to hang up your clothes, put your playthings away, clean up the mess after you have made things, avoid slamming doors or leaving them open, not shouting or running after a playmate in the house, and being always thoughtful of this kind person who helps about the home. You may soon decide you are going to watch your manners and try to be as polite to this helper as you would be if she were there as a guest.

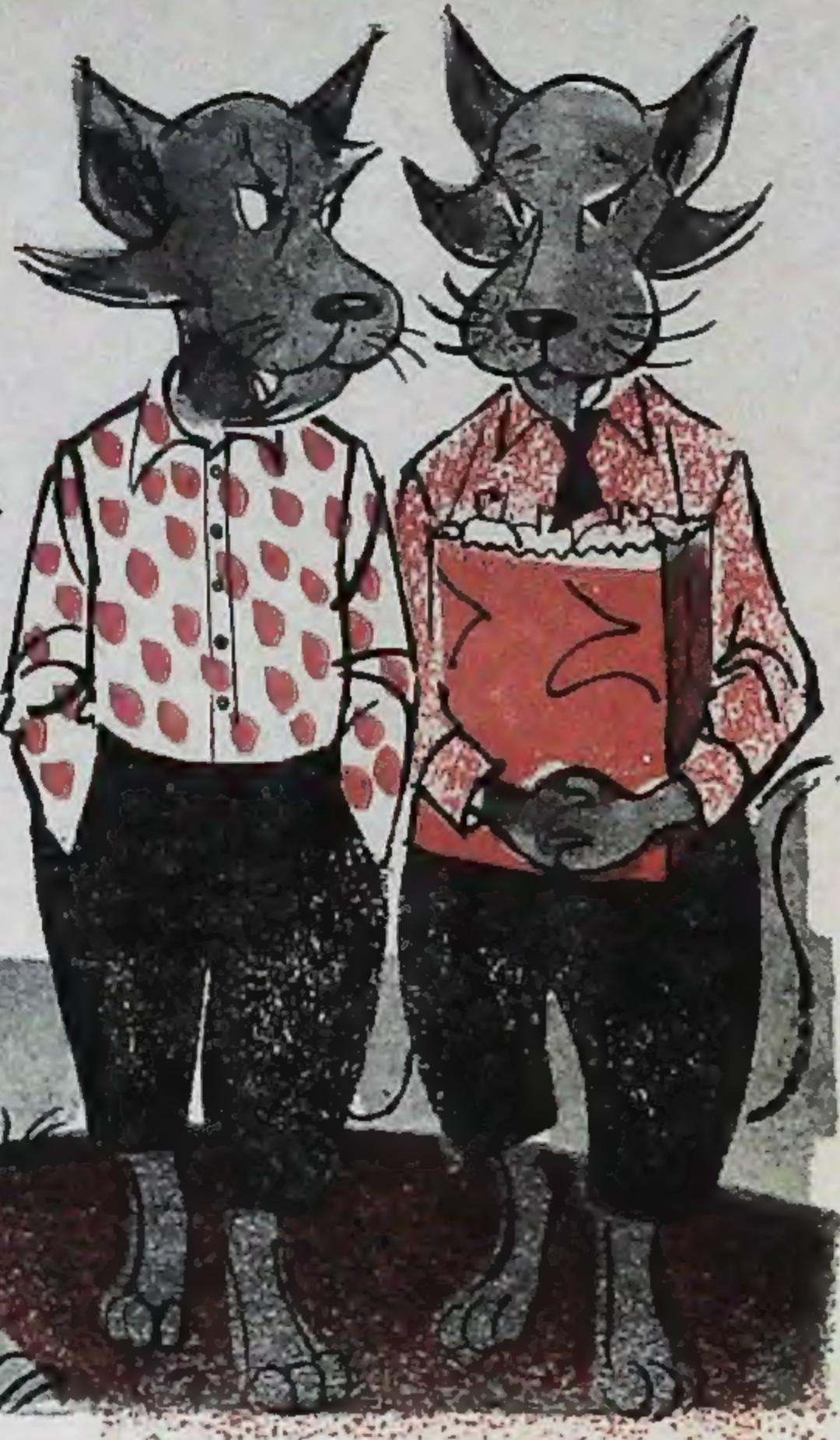
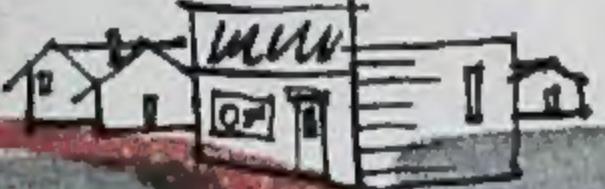
Henry C. Myers



* The listening or reading child will like to think and talk about these matters, gaining therefrom rich moral values.

ALOYSIUS and His Halloween Trick

By Sydney K. Davis
Illustrated by Jerome Weisman



It was Halloween, and Aloysius Wolf could hardly wait for the sun to set. He and Samuel were on their way home from the store, and he had seen all the apples and candy that Samuel had bought to give away as treats. How Aloysius wanted that candy! There were candy kisses all wrapped up in colored paper. There were peppermint sticks wrapped in cellophane. There was bubble gum in blue packages, and chocolate bars in silver paper. How good it smelled!

"I'll be glad to carry the package for you," he told Samuel as they left the store.

"Ha, do you think I'm crazy?" growled Samuel. "You'd sneak a piece every time I turned my back. You're such a pig that by the time we got home there wouldn't be a piece left for my Halloween visitors."

"I'm not a pig," shouted Aloysi-

us who was so mad his whiskers were shaking. "My appetite's as delicate as a little bird's."

"A little bird's?" Samuel roared with laughter. "If a bird ate as much as you do at one meal, he'd grow up to be as big as an ostrich."

Aloysius was so mad he began kicking the pebbles lying on the dry country road. "Ostrich, indeed!" he thought to himself as he glanced at the bulging paper bag Samuel was carrying so carefully.

"How are you going to use your hands if you don't have any sleeves?" he asked, remembering the candy Samuel was going to offer her.

"I can pick up things right through the sheet," she said, "just like this." And she picked up a spool of thread.

"But Samuel might give you refreshments. How will you eat them?"

"Oh dear," she sighed. "I guess I'll just have to take the sheet off if he does."

But Aloysius knew better. He ran home and quickly took a sheet

grinned Samuel. "Don't you know I'm smarter than that? As soon as I left it, you'd sneak over and get it. I'm going to watch this candy all afternoon so I'll be sure to have it if the Widow Wanda comes trick-or-treating tonight. She's making herself a ghost costume to wear."

They were nearly home when suddenly Aloysius thought, "I know what I'll do. I'll make a ghost costume for myself and go over there first and get the candy."

He watched Samuel go up the path to his home, then naughty Aloysius scampered down the road to the Widow's cottage.

"Oh, Aloysius," the Widow said, "I've made the darlings ghost costume. I can't wait for it to get dark enough for me to go to Samuel's house and knock on his door. Do you think it will scare him?" she asked, holding up the costume.

"Well," said Aloysius, "I don't know. Why don't you try it on so I can see it better?"

Now, all Aloysius wanted was to see how it was made so he could copy it. When the Widow put it over her head, he could see that it was a big white sheet with two holes cut in it for eyes.

"How are you going to use your hands if you don't have any sleeves?" he asked, remembering the candy Samuel was going to offer her.

"I can pick up things right through the sheet," she said, "just like this." And she picked up a spool of thread.

"But Samuel might give you refreshments. How will you eat them?"

"Oh dear," she sighed. "I guess I'll just have to take the sheet off if he does."

But Aloysius knew better. He ran home and quickly took a sheet



dainty little steps like the Widow. He tapped on the door.

"Help!" shouted Samuel as he opened the door. "Please don't hurt me, Miss Ghost." He pretended to be afraid. He had combed his hair and was wearing his best tie.

"Silly old scalawag," thought Aloysius as he sat daintily on the edge of a rocking chair and began to rock gently.

"Dear Miss Ghost," said Samuel as he moved closer, "if you just won't scare me any more, I'll give you a treat. Do you like candy?"

Aloysius nodded but didn't say a word.

Samuel brought in a large tray with the candy on it. "You'd better take off your costume so you can use your hands."

Aloysius shook his head.

Samuel grinned. "Oh come, now, Widow Wanda. Surely you don't think you're fooling me?"

Aloysius reached out and took a handful of candy. He dropped it down through one of the holes over his eyes and put it in the laundry bag tied to his belt. Samuel looked puzzled. Aloysius reached out and took another big handful. Samuel had never seen the Widow use such bad manners before.

About that time, they heard someone coming up the walk.

"I'll bet it's Aloysius," said Samuel. "Shall we play a trick on him?"

Aloysius nodded as he scooped up another handful of candy.

"Well," said Samuel as he ran and got a bucket of water, "you go upstairs with this. And when Aloysius starts to knock, you pour it on him." Aloysius nodded and carried the bucket upstairs and watched from the window over the front door.

The Widow in her costume came

up the path. Just as she knocked, she looked up and saw Aloysius. He had taken off his costume and was holding the bucket of water. The laundry bag tied to his belt was full of candy.

"Aloysius," she screamed, "don't you dare pour that water on me!"

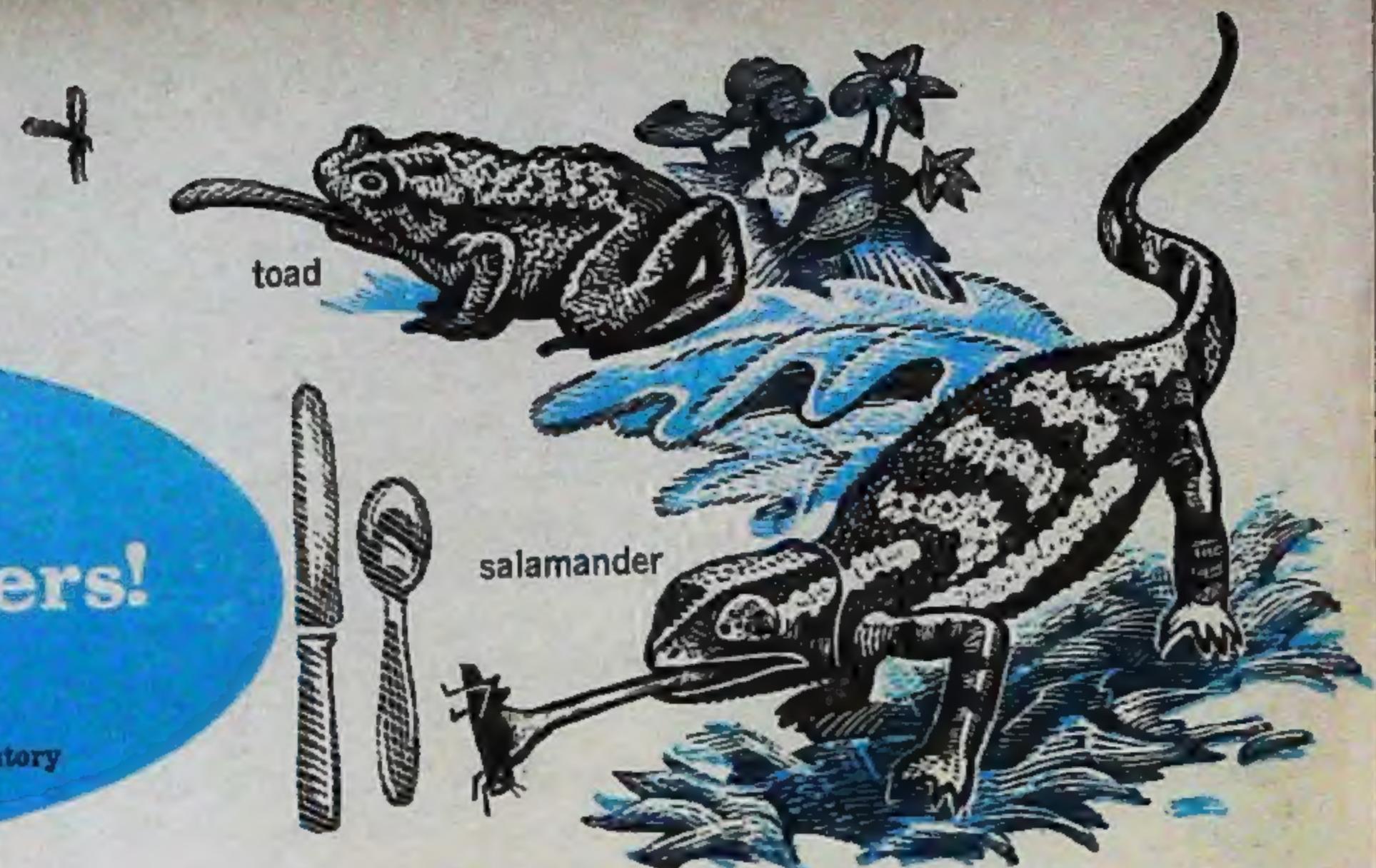
Samuel opened the front door. Too late, he realized that the second ghost was the Widow. He didn't pull his head back in fast enough. Aloysius poured the cold water out of the window down on top of Samuel's fuzzy old head. While Samuel was sputtering and trying to dry his eyes, Aloysius slid down the banister and out the front door—right between the surprised Widow and Samuel.

"Happy Halloween!" he called as he ran down the path. "I left enough candy for you on the tray. You got the trick and I got the treat!"



Such Table Manners!

By K. L. Boynton
Formerly of the Staff
Chicago Museum of Natural History



Nature's furred and feathered children have pretty bad manners when it comes to eating. Nobody ever waits for anybody, and the last fellow to the table is liable to stay hungry. If it's a stay-still dinner like greenstuff and seeds, friends and neighbors are apt to shove and crowd. Dinner on the hoof is really just another hard-working citizen going about his business. But while one animal is looking for his dinner, another animal is probably trying to make a dinner out of him. In wildlife circles, then, it boils down to this—if you want to eat and stay healthy, you've got to be smart, fast, and grabby.

Boardinghouse Reach

Your stout old friend the elephant is not bashful about snatching what he wants. He likes tender, juicy leaves from the tops of trees. Up goes his long trunk. Crack! go the green branches, and the leaves are stripped and shoved into his mouth. When he's eating, his trunk is working all the time, lifting food to his mouth, while his big jaws go up and down and forward and backward. He can really stuff away the groceries, too. An elephant's daily menu in a zoo may

look like this: 100 pounds of hay, 1½ pecks of vegetables, 10 loaves of bread, and 4 quarts of bran. All of this is washed down with from 35 to 50 gallons of water.

The garden toad is another fatty who reaches out and grabs what he wants. He may look as though he's thinking long thoughts, sitting and looking so wise under the rhubarb. But any insect silly enough to land within two inches is promptly toad dinner. Fatty has a fancy tongue that is attached in the front of his mouth instead of the back. This gives it extra reach power when it's slapped 'way out.

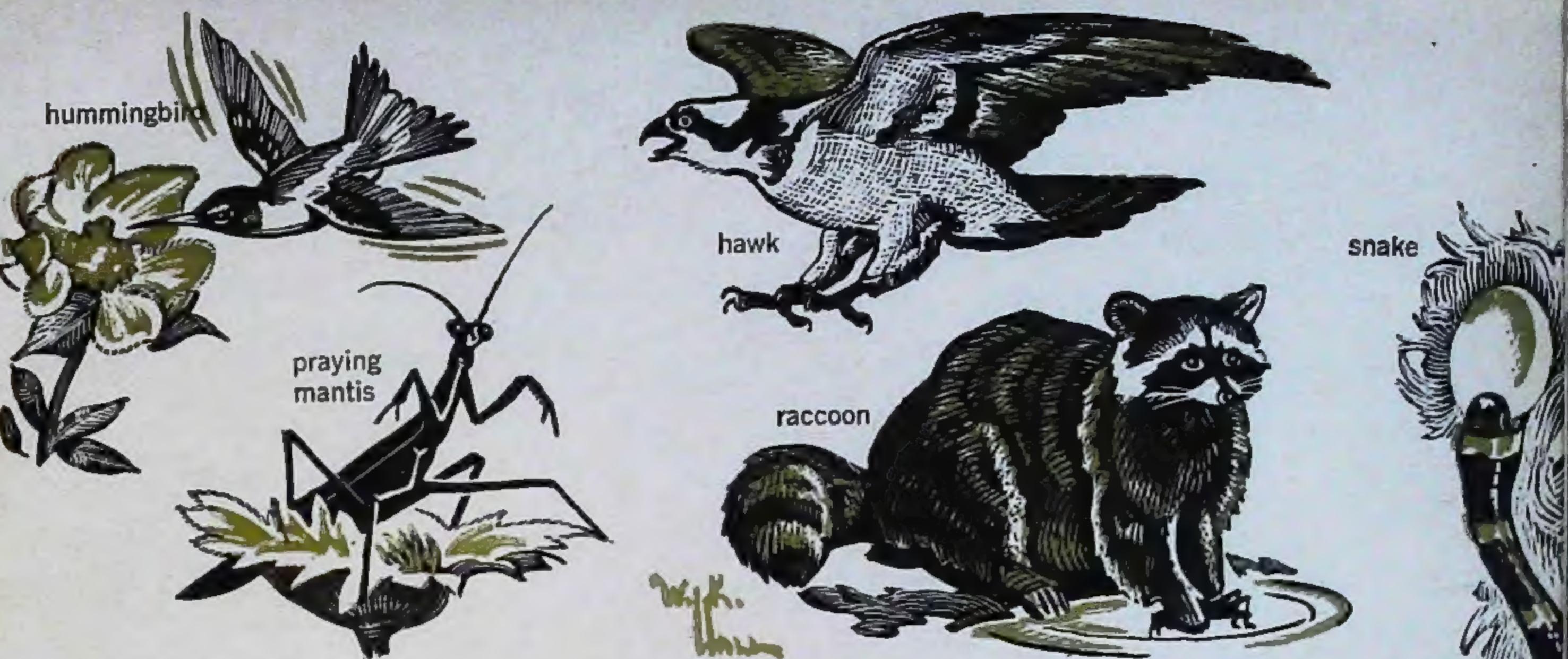
It doesn't do tiny insects a bit of good to hide 'way down deep inside flowers when the long-billed hummingbird is around. This bird just rams his long bill into the cup, sticks his tongue down, and catches them. His bill is hollowed out 'way to the end. This lets the tongue work fine without his mouth being open very wide. This is a very handy arrangement for a long reach in tight quarters.

Another big reacher is the little spider monkey. This character has extra-long arms for grabbing his food. But he's also got something better—a tail that works like another hand. He can grab things with it, or hang by it and reach even farther.

Good Old Lunch Hooks

Some animals grab their dinners in their claws. The cat tribe likes the pounce-and-grab system. They have sharp claws curved back for hanging on better. Most of them, from the house cat to the lynx, have claws that fold away into their paws when not in use. They keep their claws ready for business

down on an insect. He keeps his extra-long tongue folded up neatly in the skin of his chin when he's not using it.



Illustrated by Wendell Keith Hall

by sharpening them on trees and the like. Big fresh-meat-eating birds, like hawks and eagles and owls, have sharp and curved claws, too. These are called talons. Most of them are arranged so that there are three toes in front and one behind. When all these clamp together, nothing can get loose. The fish hawk or osprey has the usual meathooks, plus spines in the pads of his feet to keep his slippery dinner from escaping.

Some insects are grabbers, too. The praying mantis eats other insects. He keeps his first pair of legs raised up in front and, when something comes along that he likes, he reaches out and grabs it. Sometimes he creeps up on his dinner so slowly that nobody notices, and then just grabs. This long, slim insect looks as though he's holding a prayer book, but his mind is on his stomach. He has one of the biggest appetites in the insect world.

Web-making spiders catch their dinners in the sticky parts of their webs. When an insect lands, the spider rushes out, throws an extra lasso or two to hold him down, and then takes a good bite. Generally the bite of a spider is poisonous enough to knock out the insect.

Look, Ma! No Hands!

Snakes eat with their mouths

open, too. They don't chew, but swallow their dinner whole. A snake can swallow something several times the size of his head. This is because his lower jaw is fastened to his skull by a chain of bones. These can be moved out sideways and this lets him open his mouth very wide. His throat is very stretchy, too. Swallowing isn't easy, as he hasn't any hands to help shove the food in. But his jaws work just fine. They are both made in two parts, and all four sections can be moved separately. He gets a good hold with his strong teeth, then works his jaws slowly this way and that, pulling his dinner steadily in. Snakes don't eat very often because their bodies are "cold-blooded." They are not very active and don't burn up food so fast.

The pig has the very worst manners of all. He puts his feet into his food and slobbers and makes dreadful noises while he's stuffing himself. And he never knows when to stop.

Pushing and shoving and grabbing and get-there-first-ing is strictly for the birds and beasties. I think "won't-you-have-a-cooky-yes-thank-you" is MUCH BETTER, don't you?

Moses Has a Great Surprise

A Bible Story By Dora P. Chaplin

Moses was living peacefully in the land of Midian, working as a shepherd for his father-in-law Jethro. It was a quiet life. He had plenty of time to think as he watched his flock, or walked slowly behind them when they looked for new pasture in the mountainous, rocky land. His thoughts would go back to his family in Egypt, who were still overworked and ill-treated by Pharaoh, the Egyptian king. Moses did not know, at the time of this story, that the Pharaoh of his childhood had died, and that a new one reigned in his place.

10

Moses would ask himself, "When will God rescue my people? He promised my fathers and grandfathers that he would always care for them if they would be his obedient people."

In the quiet of the wilderness where not even a bird sang, and all he could hear was the quiet bleating of a mother sheep calling to a straying lamb, Moses turned these thoughts over in his mind. He remembered that his mother had told him to be patient. Sometimes he felt very impatient, indeed.

One calm day, Moses wandered off with his sheep and led them to the foot of a mountain called Horeb, which means "the mountain of God." There was just enough grass for his flock to graze upon for a little while. Moses sat down to think once more and to ask the question, "When will the Lord God of Israel help my people?" No answer came. He looked toward the thorny bushes among the rocks. He felt the quiet all around him. Can you imagine how still everything was that afternoon?

Suddenly, very suddenly, came the greatest happening of Moses' life. As he gazed into the bushes, he saw that one of them was on fire. He sprang up to put it out. Then he saw that, although it seemed to burn, it did not disappear. It was on fire with light but not heat. He knew that this was a mystery. And, just as you would do, he began to walk toward it.

Even more strangely, a voice came from the center of the bush. "Moses, Moses!" called the voice. And he answered, "Here I am." He was afraid.

"Do not come near. Take off your shoes, for you are standing on holy ground," the voice continued. (In



Thanks for Acorns

By Bertha Wilcox Smith

We thank you, God, for acorns
That lie upon the ground,
To feed the squirrels and
chipmunks
Scampering around.

Eastern countries, to this day, shoes are taken off in holy places.)

Moses listened. He heard the words, "I am the God of thy fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob." Moses knew that God was speaking in his life. He hid his face in his arms.

God told Moses that the prayers of the children of Israel had been heard, and that he knew all about their troubles. God told Moses to go back to Egypt and lead his people out of slavery to a Promised Land of their own.

Moses was very frightened. He tried to avoid doing the work. He told God that he was a slow person, not good at talking. He said, "Send my brother Aaron. He is much better at making speeches than I am. Pharaoh would rather listen to him."

The Bible gives us God's wonderful answer to Moses:

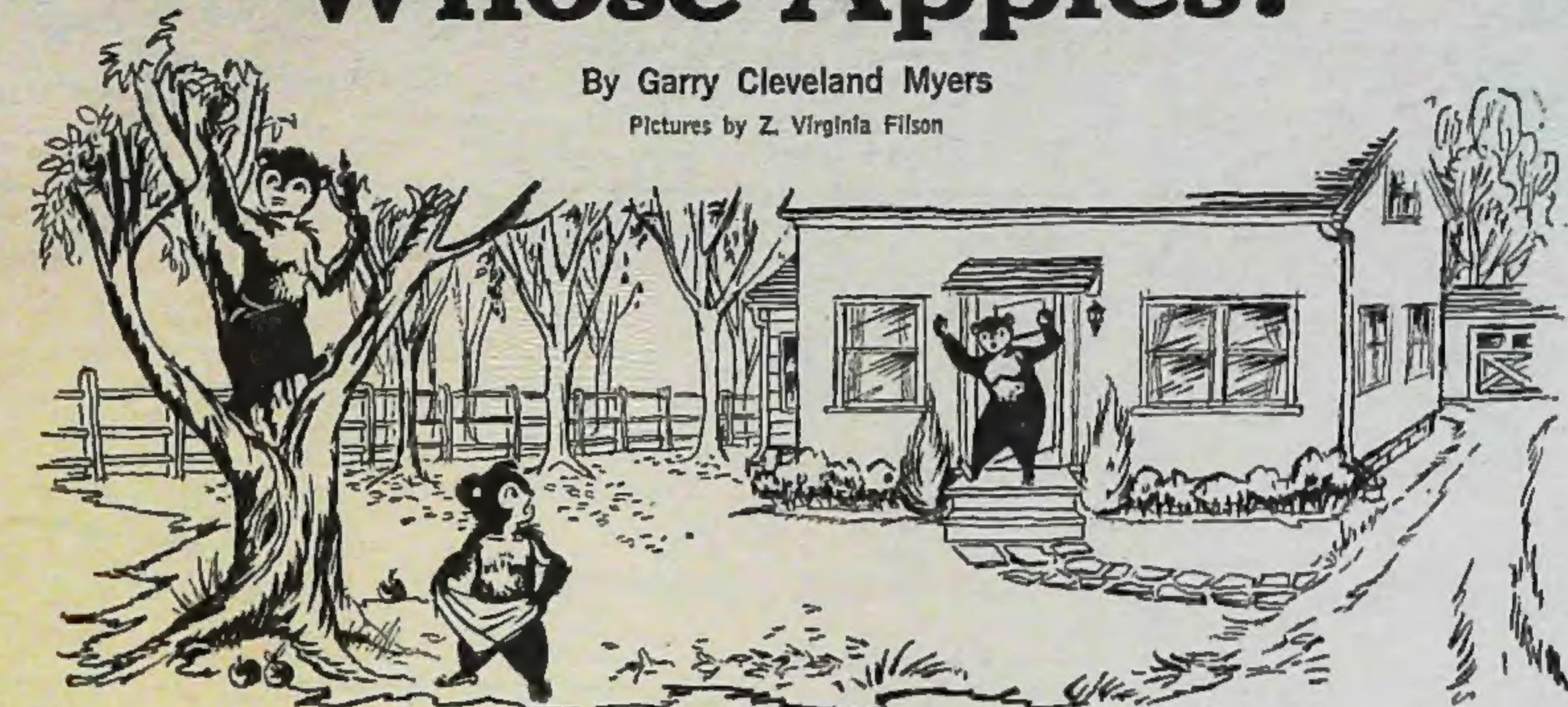
"Who hath made man's mouth? . . . have not I the Lord? Now therefore go, and I will be thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say. . . . Go, return into Egypt."

That night by the campfire Moses told Jethro that he wanted to go home to see his people. Perhaps wise old Jethro understood, for he was a man of God. He said, "Go in peace," and Moses went.

Whose Apples?

By Garry Cleveland Myers

Pictures by Z. Virginia Filson



Man: "Get away from my apples!"

Piddy: "He's a mean old man."



Piddy: "That old man chased us away from his apple tree."

Poozy: "We were just getting some apples."



Father: "He was right, boys. They are his apples."

Piddy: "Wish he would give us some."



Father: "I'm sorry you boys took apples that weren't your own."

Woozy: "How would you boys feel if you were in that man's place?"

Mother: "Let's draw up some rules about other people's fruit and other things."

Piddy: "Well, Poozy, no more apples from that tree."



Learning from parents to respect the rights and possessions of others.

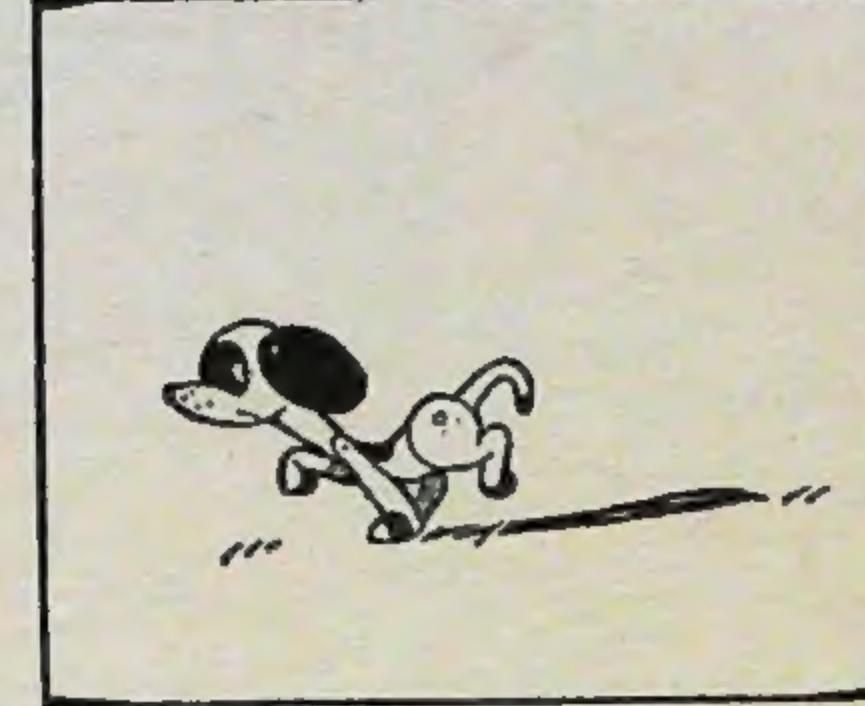
11

THE TIMBERTOES

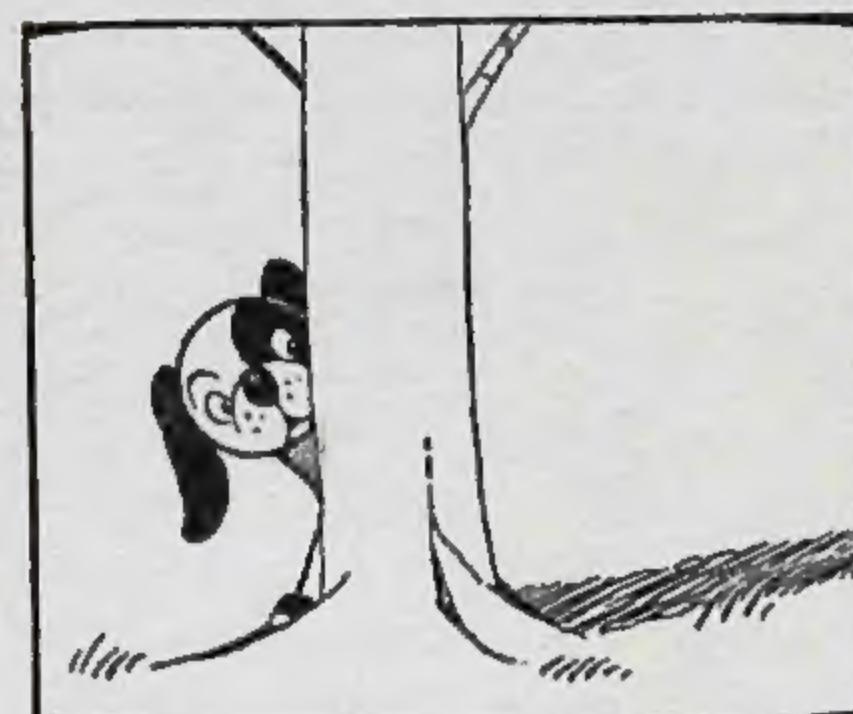
by John Gee'



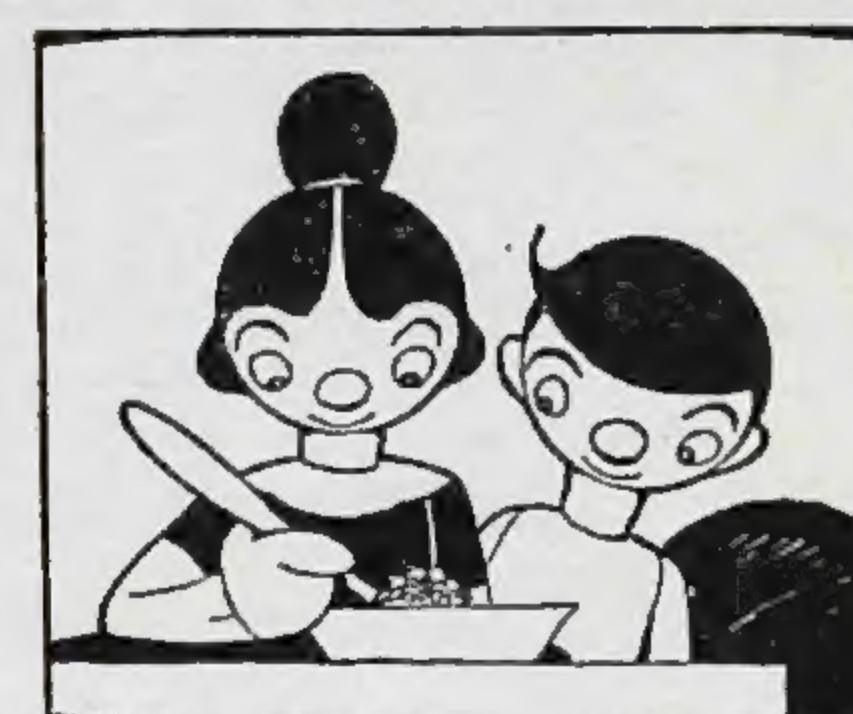
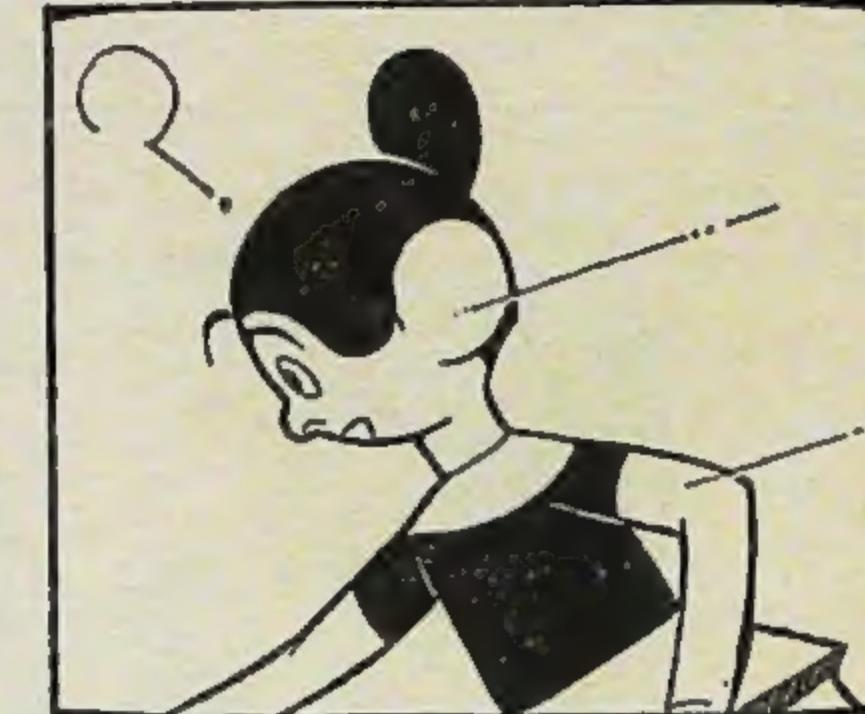
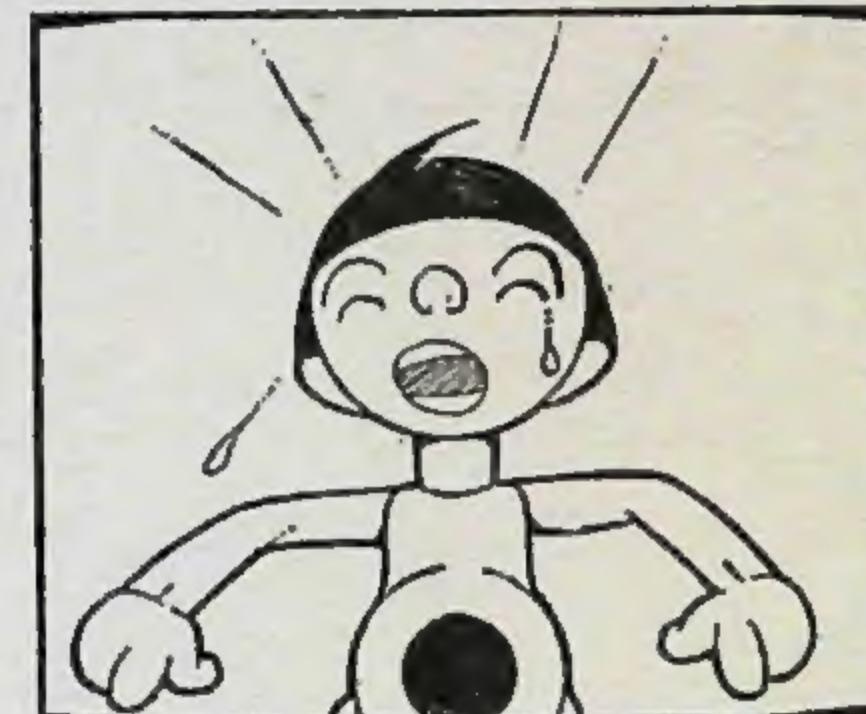
"Hello, Spot!" said Tommy Timbertoes to his new puppy. Spot was shy. He wouldn't let Tommy pat him.



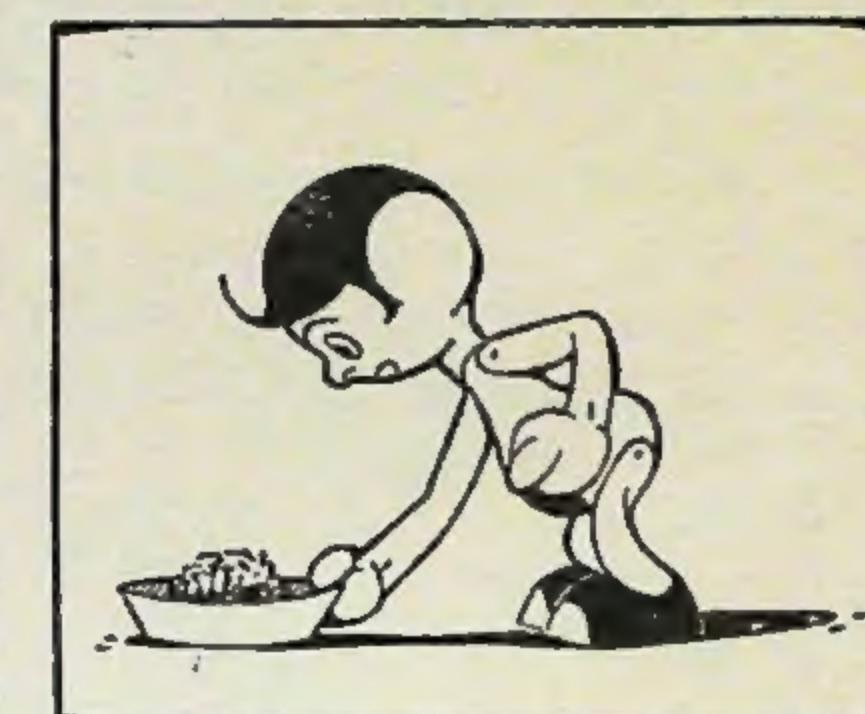
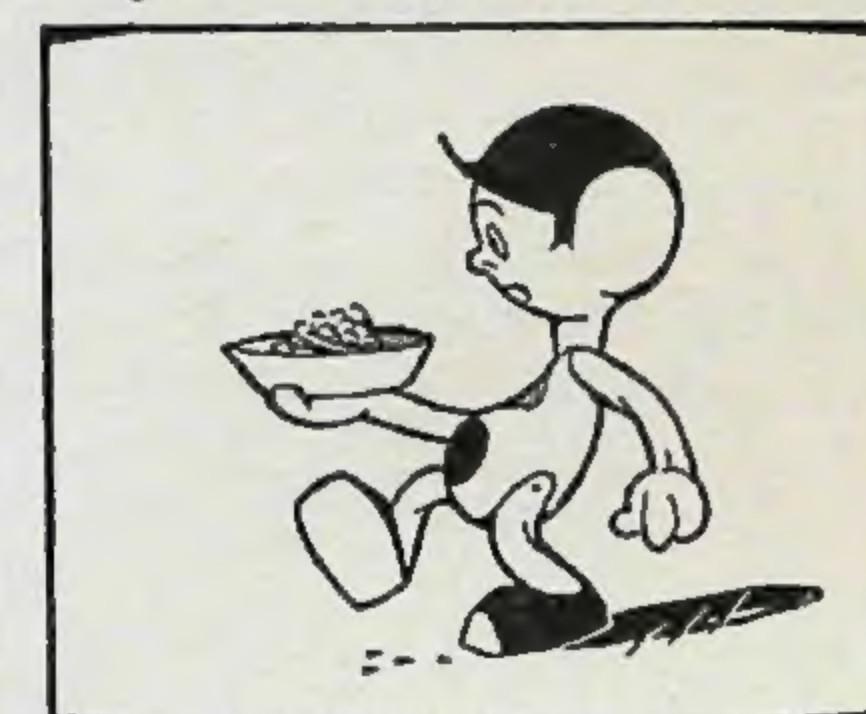
12



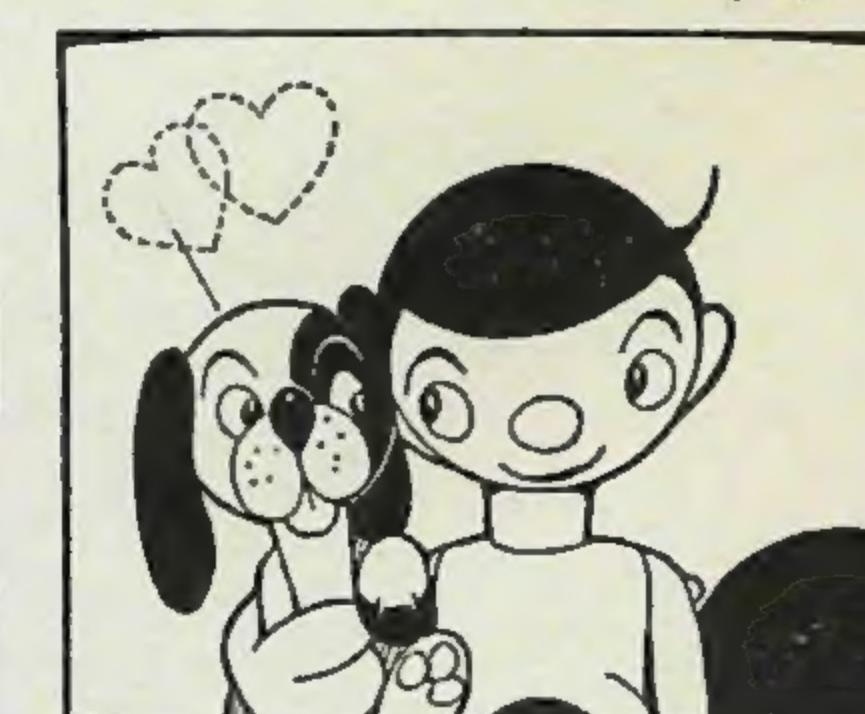
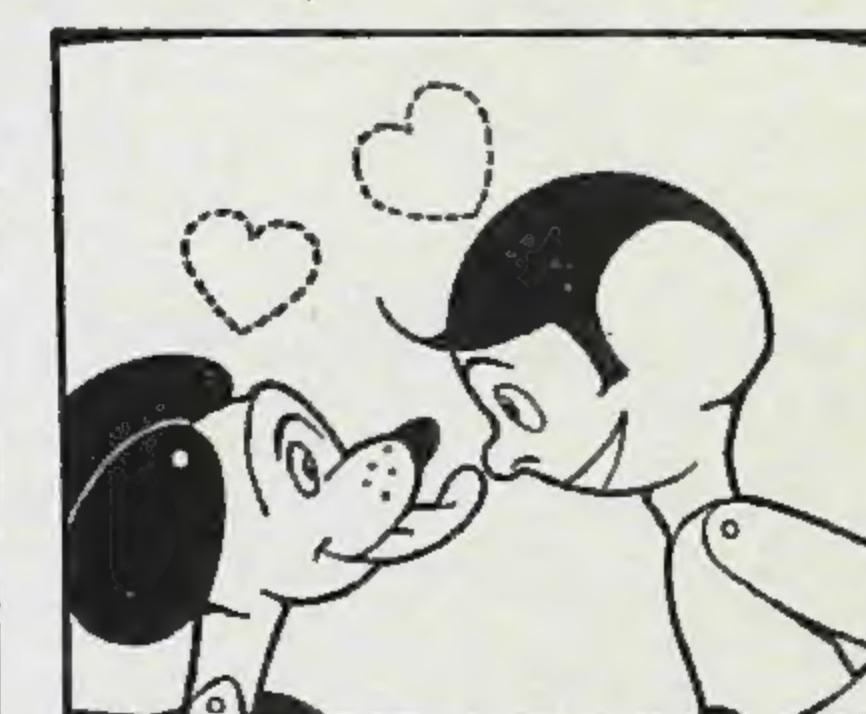
He ran and hid behind a tree. Tommy was disappointed, and cried. Mother Timbertoes came to help.



"We will fix some puppy food for Spot." Tommy took the dish out and set it down near the puppy.



The puppy came, and ate and ate. Then he licked Tommy's face.



Many a child has started to read while enjoying this page.

Sammy Spivens

By Dorothy Waldo Phillips

Hello there:

"I'm happy to tell you," said Chief of Police Thompson on his annual visit to Sammy's school, "that the police again invite all children to a whipperdo Halloween cookout.

"Instead of paying an extra police force to protect private property, we prefer to spend the money on the Junior Citizens' Jamboree. However, our guests are asked to promise—no mischief—no property damage."

Sammy, scurrying to the Jamboree, met those big Brayton boys. "Hi, kid," they whispered. "Let's pitch those chairs off that porch."

"We promised the police we wouldn't do that," answered Sammy.

"Poof!" they sneered. "Little kid stuff. We dare you, chicken!"

"Oh, yeah?" flared Sammy. "I'm not chicken."

And before you could say "weeds" he was on Manly's porch helping to pitch the wicker chairs onto the lawn. (Weeds are SUCH bad habits. They make people do terrible things.)

Michael Manly, hearing cries of "Beat it," hurried out to see Sammy running like mad. "What-

ever's got into Spivens?" he said. "He sure forgot his promise." But because Michael still wanted to protect Sammy, he quickly carried the chairs back to the porch.

Michael didn't even tell his dad, who is nice, kind Dr. Manly, the town veterinarian. He is beloved by children and animals.

Half an hour later, Billy Bates, heading for the Jamboree, called, "Hi, Mike. Hurry. I'm starving. They say the police party is terrific."

"Guess what?" whispered Michael. And he told Billy about Sammy. "Don't tell," he said. "It'll get the dope into trouble."

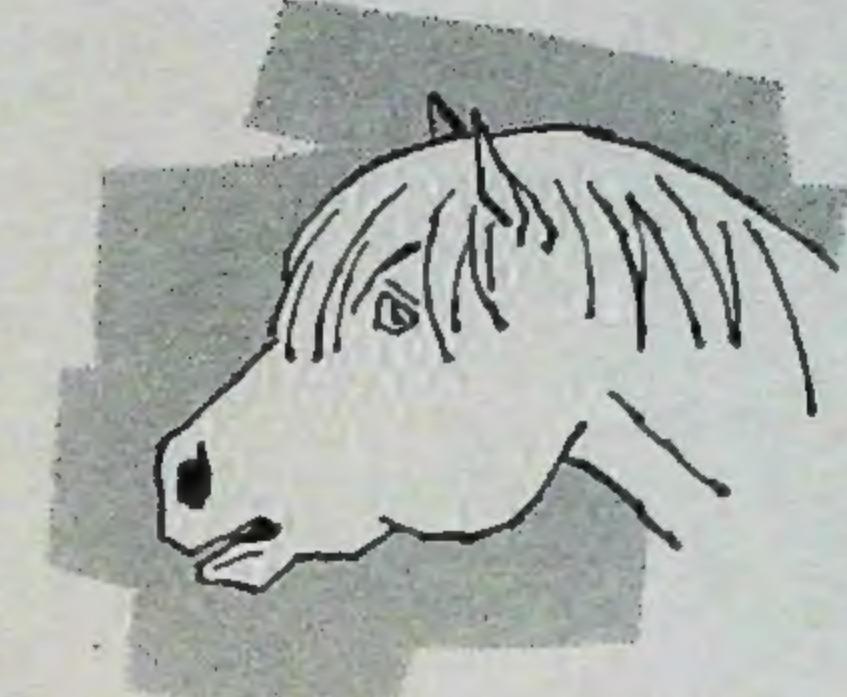
At that moment Dr. Manly ran out, frantically searching the porch. "My black bag was right here on this chair," he said. "My car keys are in it, and all the things I need for an emergency. Mr. Spivens phoned that Chalky, the pony, ran out of the stable, slipped on the wet leaves, and fell. It sounds like a bad leg injury. Drat those Brayton boys! Search around, fellas, while I call Mr. Spivens that I'll get there as soon as possible."

Billy Bates is smart. "If they pitched the chairs that way," he whispered, "I'll bet the bag landed in the bushes." He was right.

"However did it get there?" exclaimed Dr. Manly as he hurried to his car. "Nice work, boys."

When Billy and Michael finally reached the park, how good those hamburgers and hot dogs smelled, and what fun to see those jovial policemen wearing chefs' hats as they took over at the open fireplaces.

Sammy rushed up, yelling, "Hi,



you guys. You're late."

Billy Bates is older than Sammy and what he says counts. Billy meant business. "Stop yelling, kid," he said, "and listen. A fella who'd come here after breaking the police promise is a plain weedish goon. Those prankish Braytons have now let Chalky out and she's had a bad fall. It was some time before Dr. Manly could get there to deaden the pain because when you guys pitched the chairs, you pitched the doctor's bag with them. You sure goofed, Spivens. Better scram for home."

And did Sammy scram!

It was a sad and sorry Sammy who sobbed out his story at bedtime.

"Son," said Dad, "there are three things to do. One—yank that promise-breaking weed, pronto. Two—assure Dr. Manly and Officer Thompson that you can be trusted from now on. Three—don't copy wrong boys. Copy right boys."

"I promise, Dad," said Sammy earnestly.

(I feel sure he'll keep this promise. Don't you?)

Aunt Dorothy Columbus reports that Chalky is getting better, and Officer Thompson took care of the Brayton boys.



★ What it may cost to be scared of "We dare you, chicken!"



Favorite Foreign Recipes

Chile

Baked Empanadas (Meat Pies)

4 cups flour
3 eggs, lightly beaten
2 cups finely chopped suet
1 cup water
1 tablespoon salt
2 cups chopped onion
2 pounds chopped beef or chicken, raw or cooked
1/4 cup chopped sweet red pepper
32 small stuffed olives
1/2 cup raisins
2 hard-cooked eggs, coarsely chopped

Combine the flour, eggs, and 1 cup suet. Stir in salted water until dough assumes a mass capable of being rolled into very thin sheets. Mix together the onions, meat, red pepper, and second cup of suet in skillet. Stir and fry until the onions are tender.

Roll out the dough into very thin sheets and cut into 5-inch squares for individual empanadas. Place a heaping tablespoon of onion and meat mixture, olives, a few raisins, and chopped cooked egg on each square. Fold dough over meat and press edges together. Place on a baking pan and bake in a slow oven (325° F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: about 16 empanadas.

Taken from "Favorite Recipes From the United Nations," published by the U.S. Committee for the United Nations, Washington, D.C., 1959.

14

Saudi Arabia

Malfoof Mahshi (Stuffed Cabbage Leaves)

1 cup rice
1/2 pound ground lamb (fat and lean)
1/2 cup butter
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper

Cook rice until tender (about 30 minutes). Drain and add meat, butter, and seasonings. Form into small rolls. Cook individual cabbage leaves in a small amount of water until wilted (for about 5 minutes). Wrap around meat rolls and place in heavy skillet. Add tomato juice, cover, and cook for 30 minutes.

Yield: 6 servings.

Getting Ready To Read

Look at each thing in the first column. Say the word beside it. Find the same thing in the second column, and say the word beside it. Now find this word in the third column.

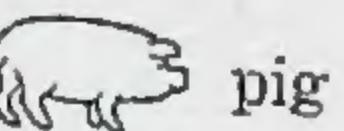


fly



drum

hen



pig



shoe

bell



drum



hen

pig



bell

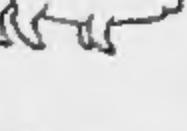


fly

shoe



hen



pig

fly



shoe



bell

drum

What's the Matter?

Bobby always tells his mother when he has gone to sleep.
Dick said he saw a three-month-old baby walking alone.
When our goldfish broke its leg, we took it to the pet hospital.
While Sally was picking daisies, she sank into a snowbank over her knees.

President George Washington often rode a bicycle to work.
When Patsy didn't understand her homework in arithmetic, she got her two-year-old brother to help her.

Some children are older than their mothers.

One morning the thermometer at Mark's home registered 10 degrees below zero. After breakfast, Mark and his father decided to dig some worms and go fishing.

Answer, Crossword Puzzle
Page 36

SEA	RED
G	E
E	L
B	O
A	S
K	T
T	I
M	H
E	O
D	W
A	E
C	A
R	T
M	E
E	A
N	R
Y	E

For Wee Folks

Which always sleep with their day clothes on?



Which are ready to eat?



If you touched these, which would feel soft?
Which would feel hard?



Name other things that feel soft.
Other things that feel hard.



Gabriel Goes A-haunting

By Barbee Oliver Carleton

16

Creep . . . creep . . . creep, through the deep, deep grass went Gabriel, a small and friendly ghost. First he looked this way, then he looked that way. Whenever he thought of it, he made a hollow moan deep-down in his toes.

His friend Owl stared from a tree nearby. Just watching Gabriel made his feathers rise on end. Finally he couldn't stand it another second. "What's the matter, Gabriel?" he called.

"Sh!" said Gabriel. "I'm practicing." And back he came, sneak . . . sneak . . . sneak, on his tiptoes.

"Practicing what?" asked Owl.

"Tonight's Halloween," said Gabriel in a loud and happy whisper. "I'm practicing my haunting."

"Oh," said Owl. "That!" And his feathers went back down.

"Haunting is the nearest I'll ever come to trick-or-treating," said Gabriel wistfully, "being just a ghost."

"Maybe," said Owl. He put his head on one side and watched as Gabriel went drifting around. "A little more moaning," he suggested.

Gabriel moaned his spookiest moan.

"Flap your arms a bit," said Owl. Gabriel flapped.

"You'll do," nodded Owl. "What are you planning to haunt?"

"The whole town. Up Main Street and down Elm and . . ." The thought of haunting the whole town made lovely little shudders run up Gabriel's spine. He sat down upon the nearest rock and hugged himself.

"Too bad about the children," said Owl. "Tsk, tsk!"

"What children?" Gabriel asked anxiously. He loved children almost better than Halloween.

"The children next door," Owl told Gabriel, "have been exposed to measles. Or perhaps it was mumps. No trick-or-treat for them tonight. No Halloween for them this year."

"Dear, dear," said Gabriel sadly. He was especially fond of Diane and Peter. He had often watched them

from his own little tower in the house at the edge of town.

Gabriel thought very hard. He thought with all his brains. At last he jumped up.

"Since Diane and Peter can't trick - or - treat," said Gabriel, "I shall do it for them."

"Ghosts," hooted Owl, "can't trick-or-treat."

"This one can," said Gabriel firm-



ly. "I hope," he whispered to himself. Then off he floated toward Main Street. Owl fluttered along.

Gabriel tiptoed up the walk of the first house he came to. Bravely he rang the doorbell, moaning a moan or two. "Trick-or-treat, if you please," said he in a shaky voice.

The woman's eyes grew very large and very round. Then she began to smile. "That," she declared, "is the most splendid ghost costume I have ever seen! Here is your treat, young man. And here is a bag to carry it in."

"Thank you very much," said Gabriel happily. "And a happy Halloween to you!" he added.

On up Main Street floated Gabriel, knocking at the doors. Down Elm Street drifted Gabriel, filling his bag with treats. And everywhere he went, he saw children—little ones and big ones, filled with laughs and whispers—fat ones and thin ones, dressed as ghosts and witches. And they all trotted along beside Gabriel!

Gabriel was so pleased that he felt fit to burst. He threw back his head and sang, "A-haunting we will go . . .!"

"A-haunting we will go . . .!" sang all the children.

"A-haunting we will go . . .!" hooted Owl from an elm tree.

When they reached the house next door to Gabriel's, the children turned back to town. "Happy Halloween, Diane and Peter!" they called.

Gabriel waited till they were out of sight. He waited till Diane and Peter pressed their noses against the window and peered out into the dark.

Then, creep . . . creep . . . creep, through the deep, deep grass came Gabriel.

Diane's sad eyes grew round as round. Peter's grin grew wide as wide.

Straight up to the front door drifted Gabriel. He handed the children his big bag bulging with treats. "Happy Halloween!" he called. Then, in two sneaks and a moan, Gabriel was gone.

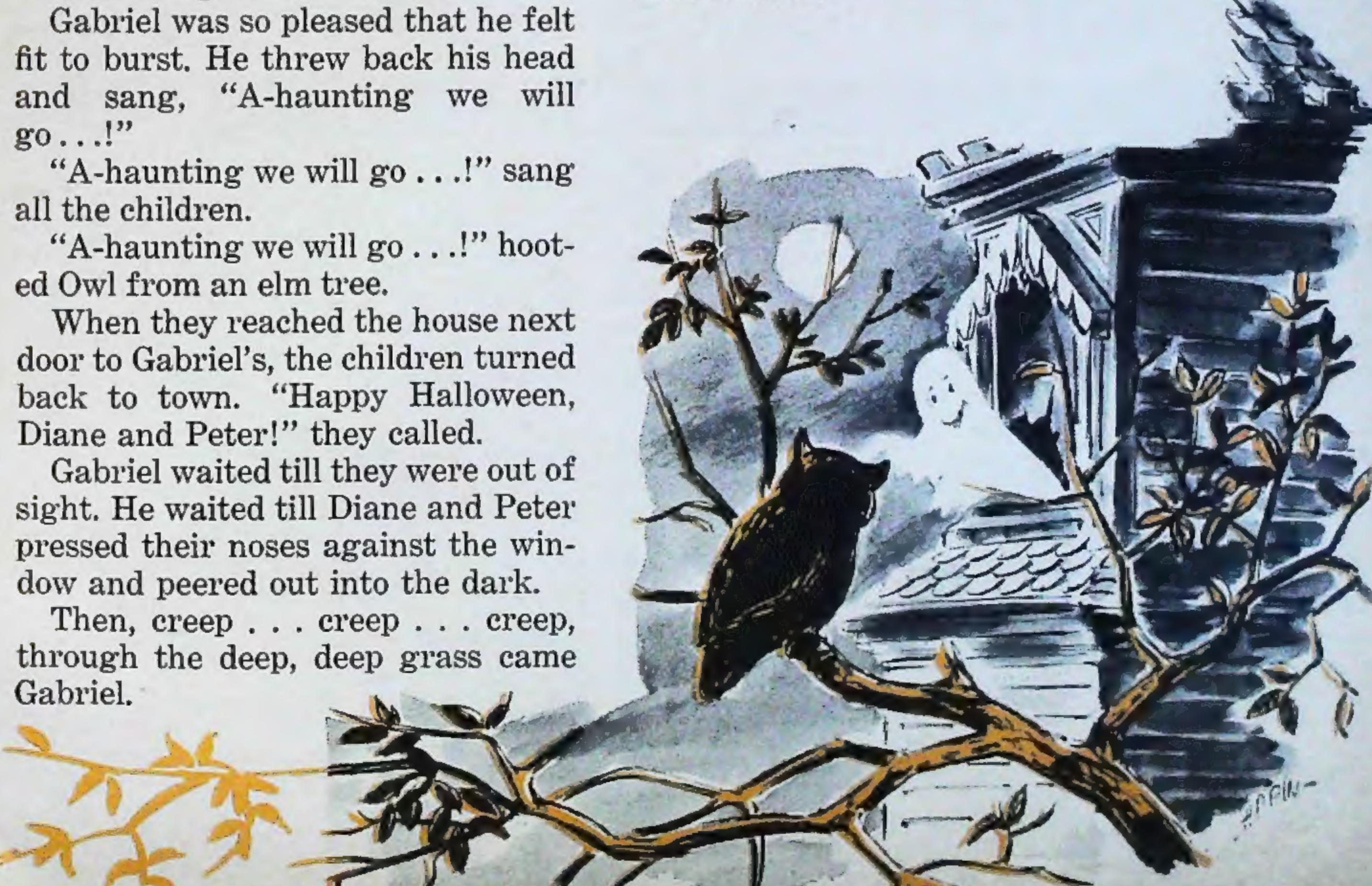
Sometime later Gabriel came home from his haunting. Before he climbed into bed, he leaned out of his tower. "Psst!" said he to Owl in the tree. "How was I?"

"Terrific!" yawned his friend Owl. "Diane and Peter are dreaming the happiest dreams in town."

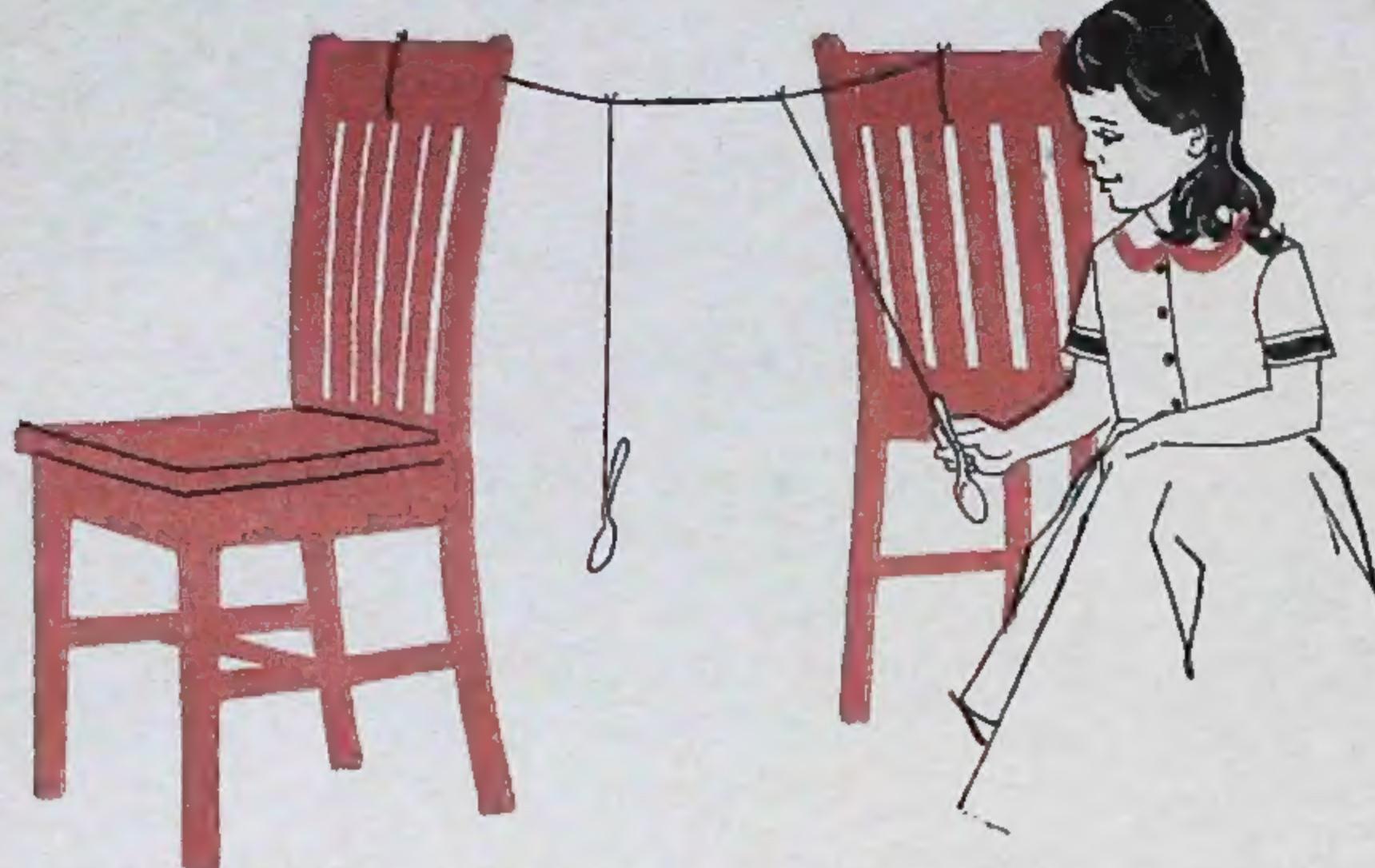
"Well, well!" said Gabriel happily. "Thanks to you-hoo," hooted Owl.

Just as the sun came up over the woods, Gabriel snuggled under the covers. On his friendly face was a big, wide, beautiful Halloween smile.

Illustrated by Alice Chapin



Try This!



All you need is some string, two tablespoons, and two chairs. Place the chairs back to back about three feet apart, and tie a string between them. We will call this the **cross string**.

Now tie each spoon on the end of a string about two feet long, to make a **pendulum**, and tie the other end of each string to the cross string. Be sure the two spoons hang the same distance below the cross string. Space the

two hanging strings about one foot apart, and one foot out from the chair.

While one spoon hangs straight down, start the other one swinging. Then stand back and watch. The swinging pendulum will begin to slow down, and the still pendulum will start to swing. As if by magic, after a bit, the swinging pendulum will stop entirely, and the other will be swinging hard. Then the process will re-

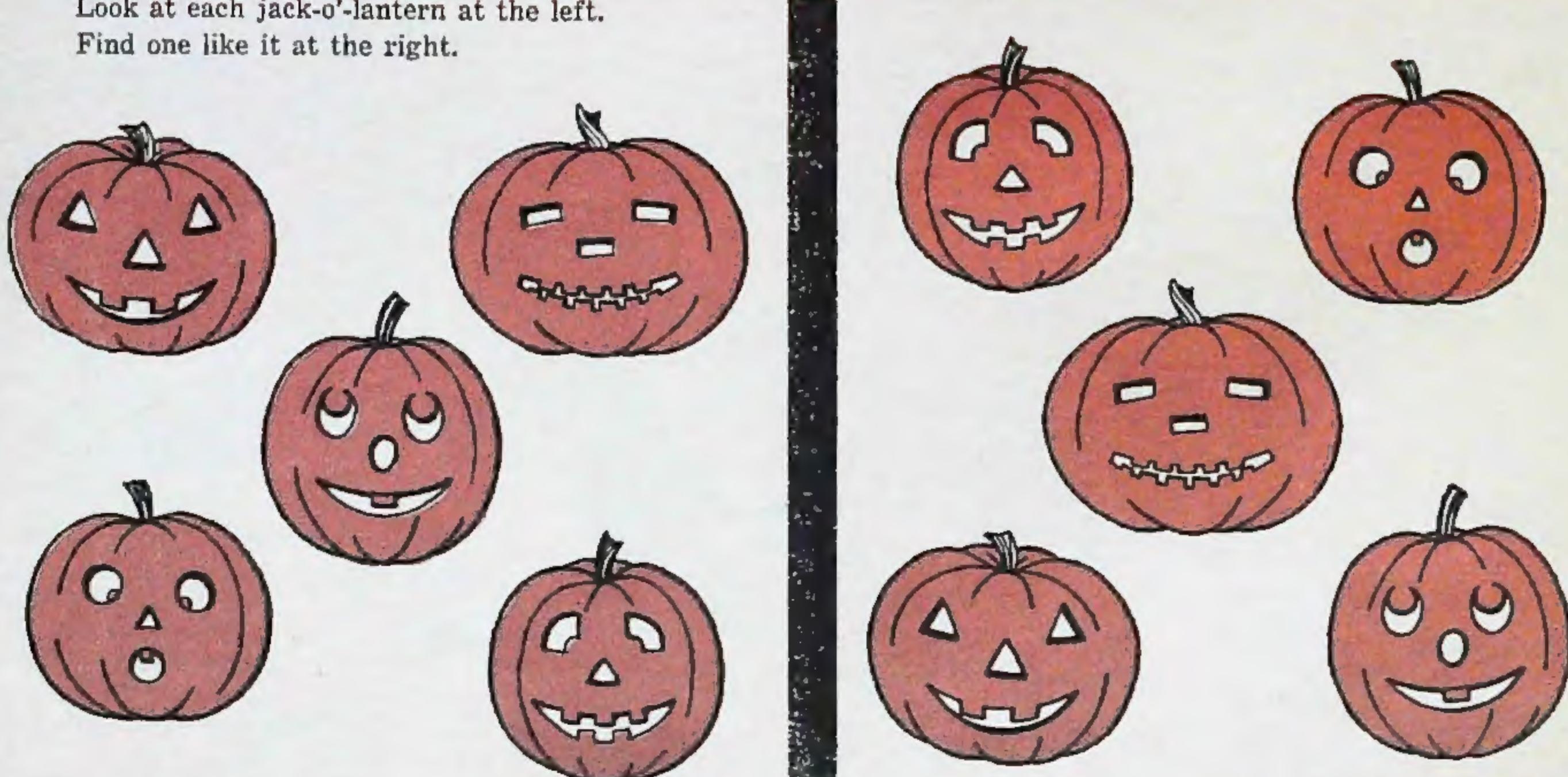
verse. Soon the first pendulum will be swinging again, and the second stopped, just as at the start.

Why It Works

As the spoon swings, its string pulls back and forth on the cross string. (If you look closely, you can see the cross string move.) The moving cross string starts the other spoon swinging. In this way, the swinging motion of the first spoon is transferred to the second one. But as the second spoon starts to swing, it too makes the cross string move back and forth. It moves the cross string in just such a way as to make the first spoon slow down and finally stop. Unless the cross string is free to move sideways and transfer the motion from one pendulum to the other, the magic will not work. To prove this, replace the cross string with a broomstick, held rigidly at each end. If the broomstick is really held so that it will not move, the swing of the first spoon will have no effect on the other spoon, which will continue to hang motionless.

Matching Jack-o'-Lanterns

Look at each jack-o'-lantern at the left. Find one like it at the right.

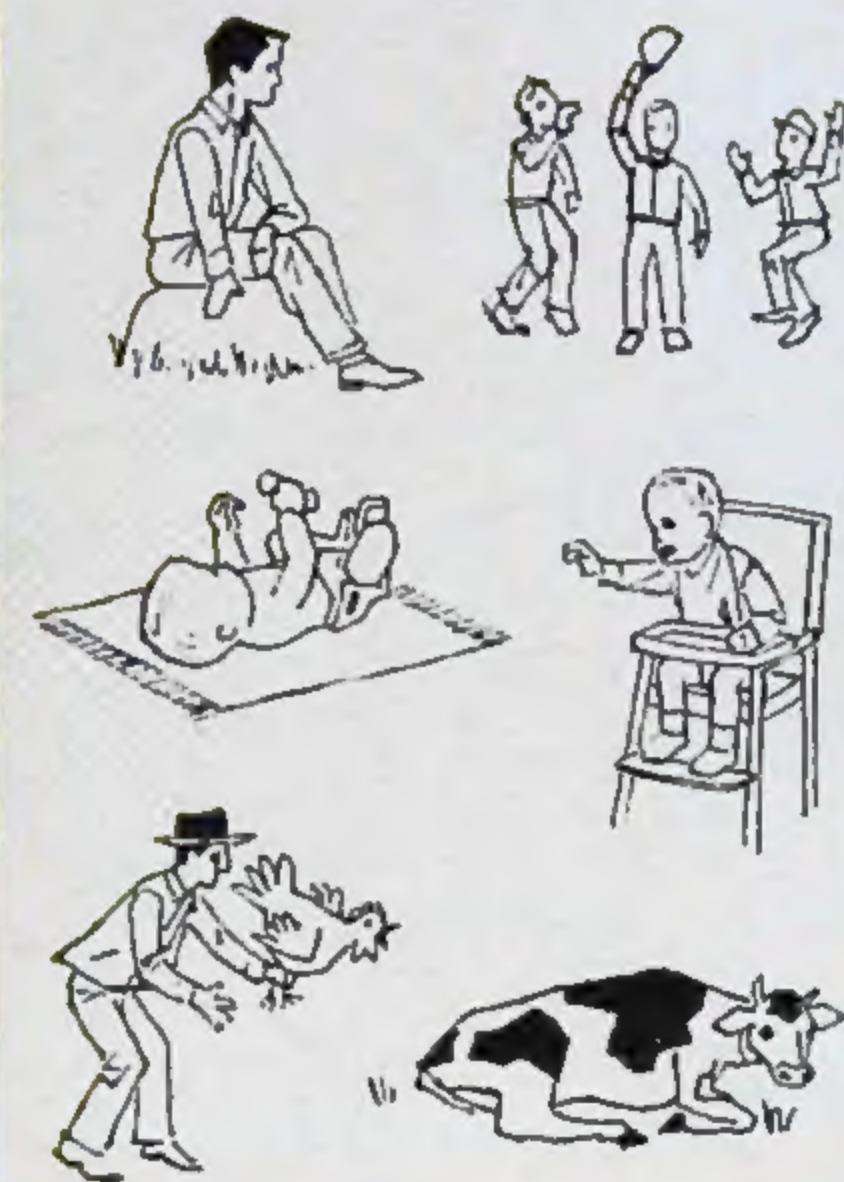


To Make You Think

Which are smoking?
Which are steaming?
What is the difference?



Excited or Relaxed?



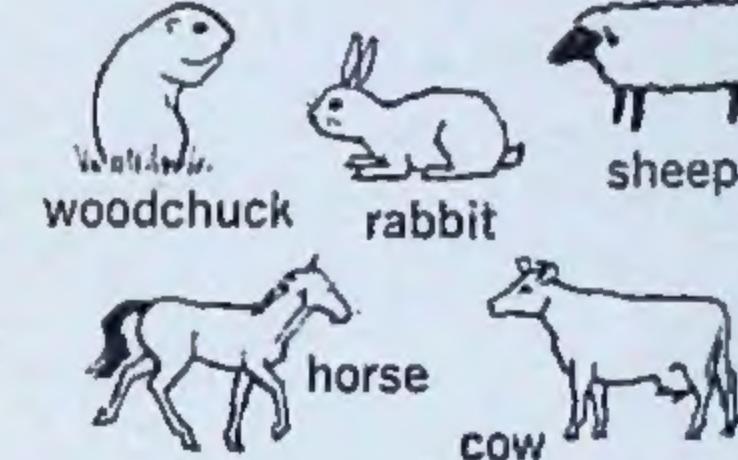
Carnivorous Creatures

All these creatures live chiefly on other creatures.
What is a carnivorous creature?

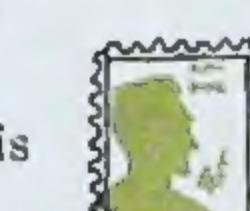
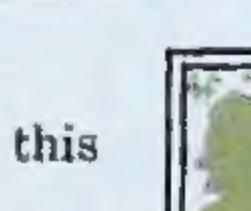


Herbivorous Creatures

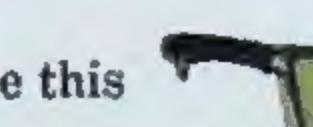
All these creatures eat only plants and fruit.
What is an herbivorous creature?
Name other herbivorous creatures.



Why are pies baked in a pan like this  and not like this  ?

Why are the edges of a postage stamp like this  and not like this  ?

Why is a snow fence like this  and not like this  ?

Why are most cooking pans shaped like this  and not like this  ?

Jokes and Riddles

Selected by Children
Seven to Twelve
Years of Age

Dad: "There's something wrong with my shaving brush."
Dan: "That's funny. It was all right yesterday when I painted my bike."

Susan Galloway—Ohio

Little Sister: "I'm as tall as you are."

Big Sister: "No, you're not. Stand up and see. There, you only come to my mouth."

Little Sister: "Well, I don't care. I'm as tall the other way. My feet go down as far as yours."

Maureen Degn—Minnesota

Mother: "Well, Joe, how are your marks?"

Joe: "They're under water."

Mother: "What do you mean?"

Joe: "They're under C level."

Becky Abrams—Ohio

In Sunday school one day, the teacher asked, "Who was Peter?" There was a long pause. Then a timid little voice in the back of the room said, "I think he was a wabbit."

Mary Jo Heltzman—Wisconsin

Betty: "That little boy is one year old today and he's been walking since he was six months old."

Linda: "Gee, he must be tired."

Mary Ann Hooten—Illinois

A man was driving the wrong way down a one-way street when all of a sudden a policeman stopped him and said, "Mister, do you know what you're doing?"

Driver: "I don't know, but I must be late 'cause everybody is going the other way!"

Jim Seitz—New Jersey

1. What did the mother ghost say to the baby ghost?

Pat Lowe—Texas

2. What modern invention helps you see through the side of a ship?

Nancy Cutright—West Virginia

3. What goes up and never comes down?

Linda Robinson—Massachusetts

4. What is better than a horse that can count?

Stephen Hillman—California

5. What has four wheels and flies?

Brian Smith—Ohio

6. What is the end of everything?

Gayle Donsky—Texas

7. What do ghosts eat for breakfast?

Marsha Orton—Ohio

Answers:

1. "Do not speak until spoken to."
2. A port-hole
3. Your age.
4. A spilling bee
5. A garbage truck
6. Ghost toasties and evaporated milk
7. Spook until spooked!

The Pig That Never

Ceased To Grow

Once there was a mother pig who was very weak and small. One day after she had been waiting for a long time, she had some baby pigs. All but one were of good size and very healthy. The other was so small that he slept in a nail hole in a board lying in the pigpen.

One day his mother came up to him and said, "I am getting old and will die soon. You are so small you will never make out in the world without me. Eat twice your regular amount of food and maybe you will start to grow." The next day she died. The little pig was very sad, but he did as he was told. After a week he was eating three times his regular amount and still he did not grow. The only thing that grew was his appetite.

Finally one day after he had just finished a meal 32 times his regular meal's size, he started to grow. He kept on growing all through the night and all the next

day. Pretty soon he was the biggest pig in all creation. After three years he was the biggest animal of any kind in all creation.

One day after the pig was thirty years old he met an astronomer. In those days telescopes were not very powerful so he asked the pig, "How would you like to earn some ears of corn?"

"That sounds great," said the pig. "But how?"

Then the astronomer said, "You see, I plan to be the first one to see Jupiter clearly."

"But how do I get in the act?" asked the pig.

"You," said the astronomer, "will take your curly tail, hook it around that king-size planet, and pull it closer to the earth."

He did as he was told and got forty tons of corn for a job well done.

At the time of his death the pig took up 836,042,987,398 square

miles. People say that even now in the grave he is growing, his growth causing the volcanoes and earthquakes on the planet Jupiter, where he had to move because of his size.

John Engman, Age 10
Hammerschmidt School
Lombard, Ill.



Now, What Do You Say?

You are a dangerous pirate and you have captured a fine lady to take on your ship. Every morning when you untie her so she can eat breakfast she says, "Good morning. How are you?"

What do you say?

By Sesyle Joslin Pictures by Maurice Sendak

You say, Fine, thank you. How are you?

From WHAT DO YOU SAY, DEAR, published by William R. Scott, Inc., New York.
Copyright 1958 by Sesyle Joslin.



Christopher Columbus

22

Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa, Italy, over 500 years ago. His parents were weavers of wool and he must have helped them. He also spent much time at sea from early boyhood, taking trips to North Africa, France, Ireland, Iceland, and other places.

When Columbus was about twenty-five years old, he went to Lisbon, Portugal, at that time the liveliest seaport of the world. From there he sailed under the flag of Portugal for eight or more years. He often must have been thinking and talking to many men of the sea about his dream of a voyage to India.

While attending Mass in Lisbon, he met Doña Felipa who became his wife when she was twenty-five and he twenty-eight. To them was born a son Diego.

About that time, Columbus wrote to the rulers of Portugal, Spain, England, and France, telling them about himself and asking them to help him undertake a voyage to India by sailing west.

At that time there was no Suez Canal. Spices and other goods from India had to be unloaded and carried by camels over the narrow strip of land where the Suez Canal now is, and reloaded on ships.

Columbus tried in vain to get help for his proposed voyage from the king of Portugal. The return

of a fleet of ships which had gone down the east coast of Africa made the king believe that India could be reached by sailing around Africa. In fact, Vasco da Gama did just that in 1497.

In 1485, when Columbus was thirty-four, he traveled by sea from Lisbon to Palos, Spain, to seek help from King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. With him he took his son Diego, five years old, whose mother had died.

Columbus left Diego at La Rábida Monastery and went on alone to Cordova to see the King and Queen. The King was not much interested, but the Queen agreed to submit his proposal to her advisors.

It took them four years to report, and it was NO.

In the meanwhile, Columbus sent his brother Bartholomew to intercede for him before the king of England and then the king of France. Neither would help.

Columbus waited from 1485 to 1490 for a decision from the King and Queen of Spain who were busy leading their military campaign against Granada, the last stronghold of the Moors. These were the Moslems who had overrun and ruled Spain for over 250 years.

During this period of waiting, Columbus did a lot of reading. In a library at Seville are some of the books Columbus owned and read. They include Plutarch's "Lives," Pliny's "Natural History," and a book on Marco Polo. A few of them show the notes he had written on the margins. But little is known of how he managed to earn his living during this period.

Late in 1491, the much-discouraged Columbus visited La Rábida Monastery to see his son Diego, then about ten years old. From there Fra Juan Pérez, head of the friars, sent a letter to Queen Isabella. Result, a letter from the Queen to Columbus, commanding him to see her at Granada. She also sent money to him in order that he might have decent clothing and a mule for the journey.

While Columbus was in Granada, he saw the surrender of the Moors and the planting of the cross on the ramparts. He saw the gates of the city opened and the Moors ride out, and heard the royal choir intone the "Te Deum." This ended the control of Spain by the Moslems.

But the plan of Columbus was at first turned down. Perhaps it was because of the enormous price in titles, honors, and revenue he demanded. Yet Columbus was so persuasive, and the Queen took such a liking to him, that he finally won. She even proposed that she would pawn her jewels to raise the money, though this did not prove necessary. The King and Queen together issued the necessary orders for the voyage, whose total cost has been estimated at about \$14,000.

When you travel in Spain today, from Madrid toward Seville, you hear everywhere that Isabella, a year younger than her husband Ferdinand, was a more brilliant and forceful person than he was. When you see the marble images

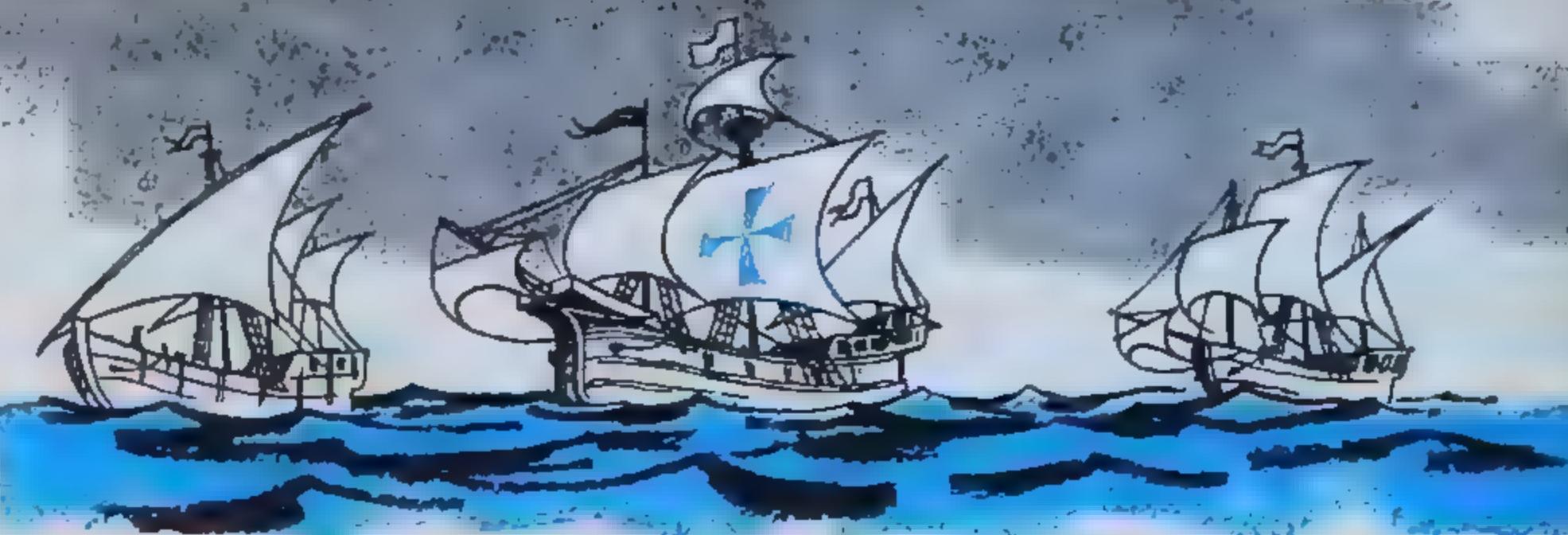
of the two over their remains in the Chapel Royal in Granada, you will observe that the head of the Queen sinks lower on the pillow than does the head of the King. You hear that the sculptor meant to show she was smarter, having a heavier brain. Of course, today psychologists don't associate the size of a person's head with how smart he is.

The "Niña," "Pinta," and "Santa María" of Columbus' fleet were well built for their time. As Columbus wrote in his journal, they "were suited for such an enterprise." The only one of which there is a record is the "Niña," of about sixty tons, with one deck. No one knows exactly what these ships looked like. Every picture we see of them is about half imagination. There is no drawing of a single ship in which Columbus sailed, which was made by any person living at the time. However, there are drawings of other real ships made soon thereafter.

On record are the names of nearly all the persons, including some teen-age boys, on each of the three ships, eighty-seven names in all. Only four besides Columbus were not Spaniards. No women went on the first or second voyage. Though a devout Catholic, Columbus took along no priest.

In his journal, the only liquids Columbus named were wine and water. Coffee and tea were unknown in Europe then, and the Spaniards didn't care for beer. Among the foods on the ships were biscuit, salt meat, salt fish, oil, vinegar, chick-peas, cheese, lentils, beans, honey, rice, almonds, and raisins. They had one cooked meal a day.

On the first voyage across the Atlantic there was no shortage of victuals or drink. There were no



Popular conception of the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa María

Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson

storms or prolonged calms, no heavy seas.

Just before dawn on the morning of Friday, August 3, 1492, Columbus and his men attended Mass and took communion, then slipped out to sea from the port of Palos. They arrived at San Salvador on Friday, October 12th. In his journal, Columbus recorded fewer miles than were really covered lest the seamen get discouraged from seeming to be so far from home.

Columbus left for home on January 16, 1493, arriving in Lisbon, March 4th. With no television, radio, telephone, telegraph, and practically no newspapers, the news spread very slowly outside of Portugal, Spain, and Italy. Not for three years did it get to England.

From Lisbon, Columbus dispatched a letter overland to Ferdinand and Isabella in Barcelona, telling about his voyage. In the meanwhile, Martin Alonso, Captain of the "Pinta," tried to be first to tell the King and Queen about it.

He sent a letter to them requesting that they let him do so, but they snubbed him, saying they preferred to get the news directly from Columbus. They did.

Columbus arrived in April with an officer, a few men servants, and six Indians captured in the Indies. He was graciously received by Ferdinand and Isabella in such glory and with such praise as he never again would receive. Both

23

Suffering from arthritis, Columbus rode a mile over the mountain from Madrid to see Ferdinand at Segovia, and got almost nothing. Soon thereafter Columbus died at at the age of fifty-five, without knowing he had discovered America. He always supposed he had found what he was looking for—India, by sailing west.

He was buried in Seville, Spain. Later his remains were sent across the sea to Santo Domingo. Still later, what was thought to be his remains made several trips back and forth between Spain and America. If you visit Santo Domingo, you will see where "the remains of Columbus lie buried."

If you visit the Chapel of Santa Aña in Seville, the guide will tell you Columbus is buried there. There are records of the labeled "containers" of his remains, but no one is quite sure what was or is in these containers.

Sally Plays a Trick on Mark

By Edith Vestal

Sally was hunting for a box,
a box that Mark had given her
last Halloween.

He said it was candy,
but it was a box full of stones.

Sally found the box.
All the stones were in it.



24



"Today is the day," thought Sally.
"Today is Halloween.
I'm going to give this
right back to Mark, stones and all.
Won't he be surprised!"

Mark was a friend of Sally's.
He lived next door.
He always knew what to play.



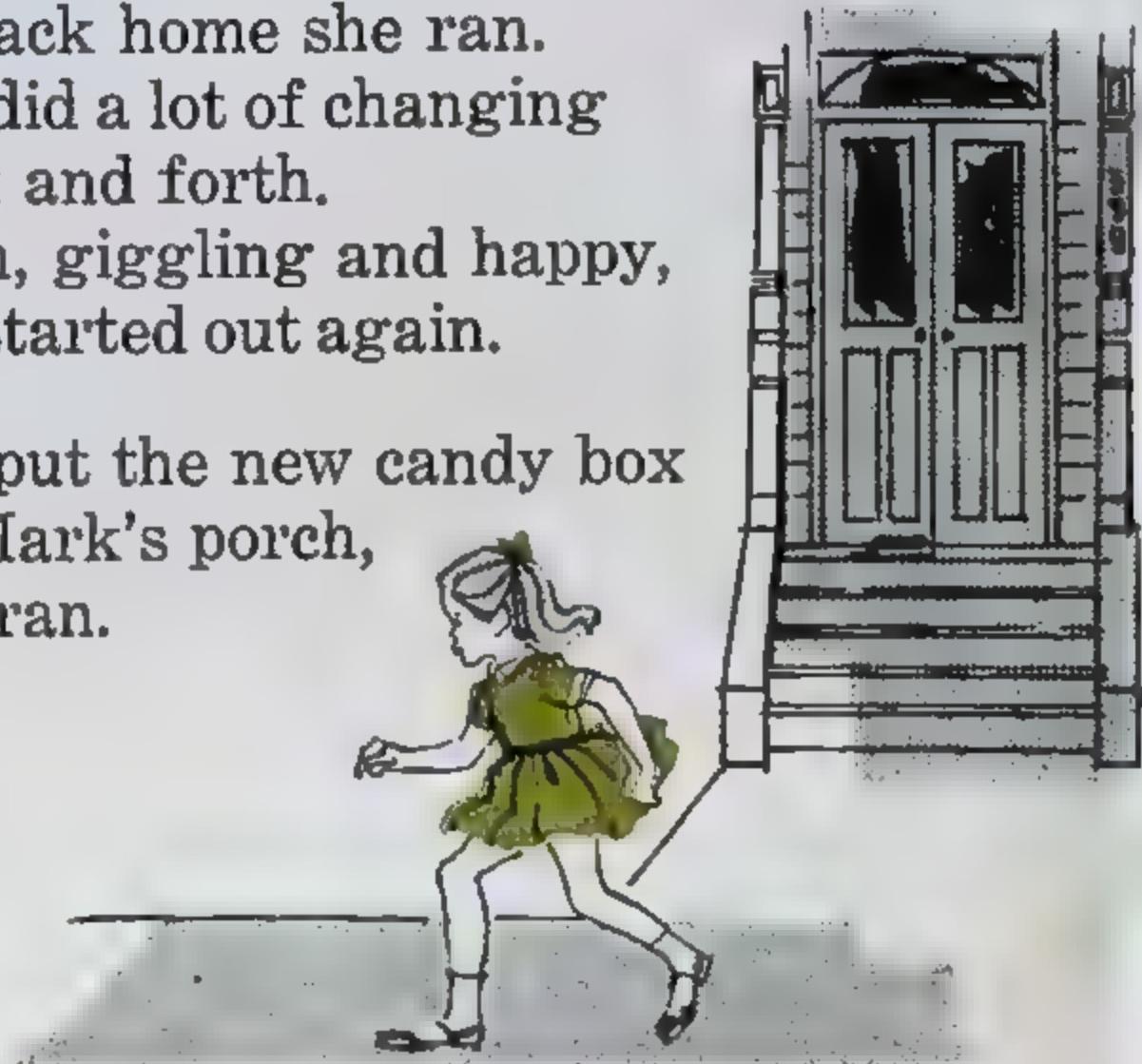
But Sally had to keep an eye on him.
He liked to play tricks.
She never knew what he was going to do.

An interesting, easy-to-read story, artistically told.

Sally started off with the box.
On the way, she thought
that he might remember that box.
Maybe she had better change the box,
and give Mark her new candy box.

So back home she ran.
She did a lot of changing
back and forth.
Then, giggling and happy,
she started out again.

She put the new candy box
on Mark's porch,
and ran.



But Mark had seen her.
He opened the box.
He was surprised, very surprised.

He called, "Sally, Sally. Come back.
Come back. I want to give you some."

Sally knew it wasn't stones
that he wanted to give her.
She knew what was in the box
because, after all,
didn't Mark let her play on his bars,
and didn't he let her ride
his new bicycle?

And that was why she put her new
candy box on Mark's porch, filled to
the brim with her own Halloween
candy.



Fun With Phonics

Rhyming Words

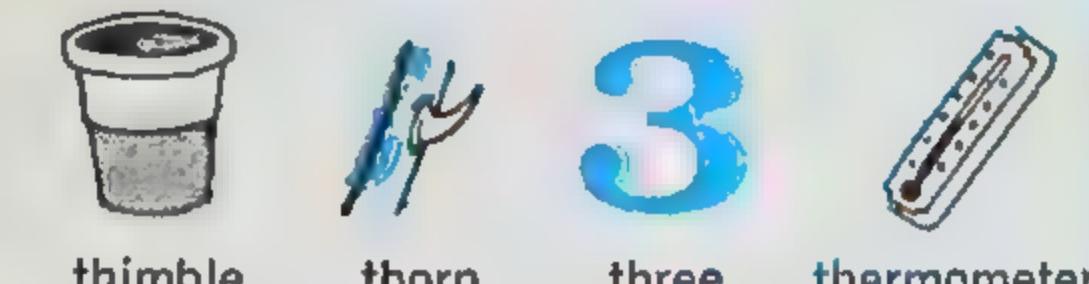
Say aloud the words below. Listen
for the first sound in each word.

lone	kite
weight	pour
see	coat
seat	gash

Now think of rhyming words to
match each, using m as the first
letter.

Make rhyming words, using b as
the first letter.

th



Say aloud the pictured words.
Listen for the sound of th.

Now say aloud the following words.
Listen for the th sound.

thing	thick
throw	thaw
thank	thin
thump	theft
throat	thrill

Long Vowel Sounds

A long vowel sounds like the
name of the letter.

Say aloud these pictured words.
Listen for the long sounds of
a, e, i, o, u.



5

cake five pony tree

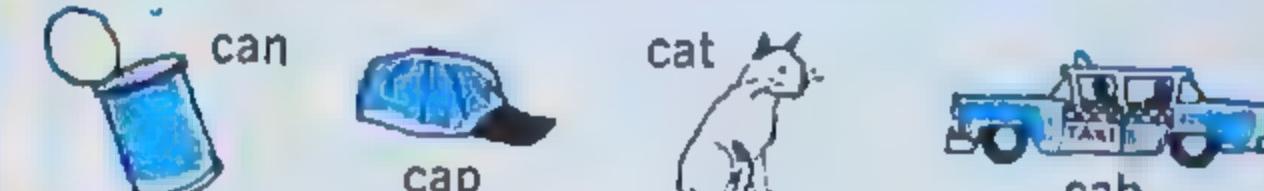


tube

In the columns below, which words
have the long sound of a? The
long sound of e? The long sound
of i? The long sound of o? The
long sound of u?

lady	he	pin	old	use
man	bed	kind	pet	mule
hat	ten	tidy	only	tune
sale	these	bib	dog	sun
rake	eel	pint	own	cube
tap	we	sit	vote	nut
table	pet	high	sod	pupil
grape	beet	ice	so	tub

Only the Last Letters Are Different



Say the pictured words aloud.

Notice that the first two letters and sounds
of each word are alike.

Can you hear the last sound in each?

Now say aloud the words in each column below.
Can you hear the last sound in each word?

bat	pad	tap
bad	pan	tab
ban	pal	tag
bag	pat	tan

Samples of what parents and teachers may do
to help child hear sounds in words.

The Mystery of the Missing Squashes

Based on a Spanish Folk Tale

By Jane H. Bailey
Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

Old Tío Juanito (Uncle Johnny) groaned. "Thursday! Thursday is always market day in the village. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

As long as he could remember, Tío Juanito hadn't missed a market day in the little pueblo (village) in old Mexico. It was the only truly exciting day of the week.

But what fun would it be to go without anything to sell? Always he had had something to trade, to sell, or to give away. There were toys of wood or of clay that he had made during the long evenings alone—whistles, pig banks, clowns-on-a-string, or tiny bird cages of bamboo. Often there would be canastas (baskets) of calabazas (squashes) of bright orange, green, or yellow. Chato (snub-nose), his little gray burro, would carry these to the zócalo (town

square) from Tío's patch of land outside of town.

But, on this Thursday, what would he have to sell while he sat under his square white muslin sunshade with his many amigos (friends)?

For when the sun and he had risen that morning, and Tío had gone out to the patch to gather his lovely ripe calabazas, he had gasped, rubbed his dark eyes, and stared. They were gone! Yes, every plump, shiny squash that he had nursed so carefully these past weeks had disappeared!

Who could have done this to dear old Tío? Everyone loved Tío Juanito, the chicos (youngsters) and the viejos (old folks) alike. Who had more friends than he? Was it any wonder that he enjoyed the market day? It was like a great fiesta (festival), as he met his old

friends and made new ones from both the pueblo and the countryside close by.

The buying and selling wasn't much more important to these folks than their get-togethers in the zócalo.

It seemed to these people that they had always known Tío Juanito—and of course many niños (youngsters) had always known him. To him, the muchachos (boys) would run for help to build or to mend their toys. He was the one who would teach them to weave the rodetes (rings), the mats of soft grass that no boy's mama could do without. The jar of water that mama carried from the spring would balance on the rolete on top of her head.

Yes, it must have been a rascal from another village who had stolen his calabazas, he had gasped, rubbed his dark eyes, and stared. They were gone! Yes, every plump, shiny squash that he had nursed so carefully these past weeks had disappeared!

Suddenly he got an idea that would find his calabazas as well as find the pingo who must even now be carrying them to the market square.

"Vamos (let's go)," said Tío. Within an hour Tío was there, weaving in and out among the little displays lying on the ground—red peppers, spices, fruits, fragrant roasting maíz (corn), straw sombreros (hats), woolly serapes (blankets), leather huaraches (sandals), children's toys, potato candy, silver trinkets, green-and-yellow parakeets, charcoal, clay ollas (pots), brightly painted caserolas (bowls)—and many other things for sale or for trade.

Here was a little old lady, sell-

ing herbs for medicine. "You have an ache of the head, señor (mister)? Ay, qué lástima (what a pity)! Just wet these two little leaves, paste one on each temple, and ahorita (right away) your ache has flown away!"

And over here a small señorita (miss), with coal-black eyes and hair to match, sat among her baskets of bright flowers. "Flores (flowers)," she called. "Señora (Mrs.) marchanta (customer), flowers to wear in your black hair, flowers to carry to the church or to your casita (little house)? A flower to wear on your blusa (blouse), then?"

She pressed a small wad of soft thistles onto a tiny bouquet of pink posies, and then pressed this onto the señora's beaded pink blouse. No need here for the safety pin!

But Tío Juanito was looking especially closely at the mounds of vegetables heaped here and there on the ground. Suddenly he recognized "Gordita" (little chubby one), his chubbiest and dearest little squash, lying in a heap of squashes before a surly-looking stranger.

Surely this fellow had mixed Tío's calabazas with his own, certain that he would never be caught. For who could recognize one's vegetables? A burro, a dog, a cock, yes. But a squash, never. However, this rascal had not reckoned with anyone like Tío Juanito, who tenderly nursed and petted his vegetables almost like babies.

Without a word, Tío Juanito began to gather up those which belonged to him. But the thief stopped him. Tío said, "Bueno (good). I shall prove that these are mine."

A number of his old friends were the witnesses as Tío slowly and calmly took off his old som-

brero, turned it upside down, and took from it a handkerchief filled with little green squash stems.

Before the astonished circle, the old man matched and fitted each stem to each of his squashes, one by one, exactly as if they were parts of a puzzle.

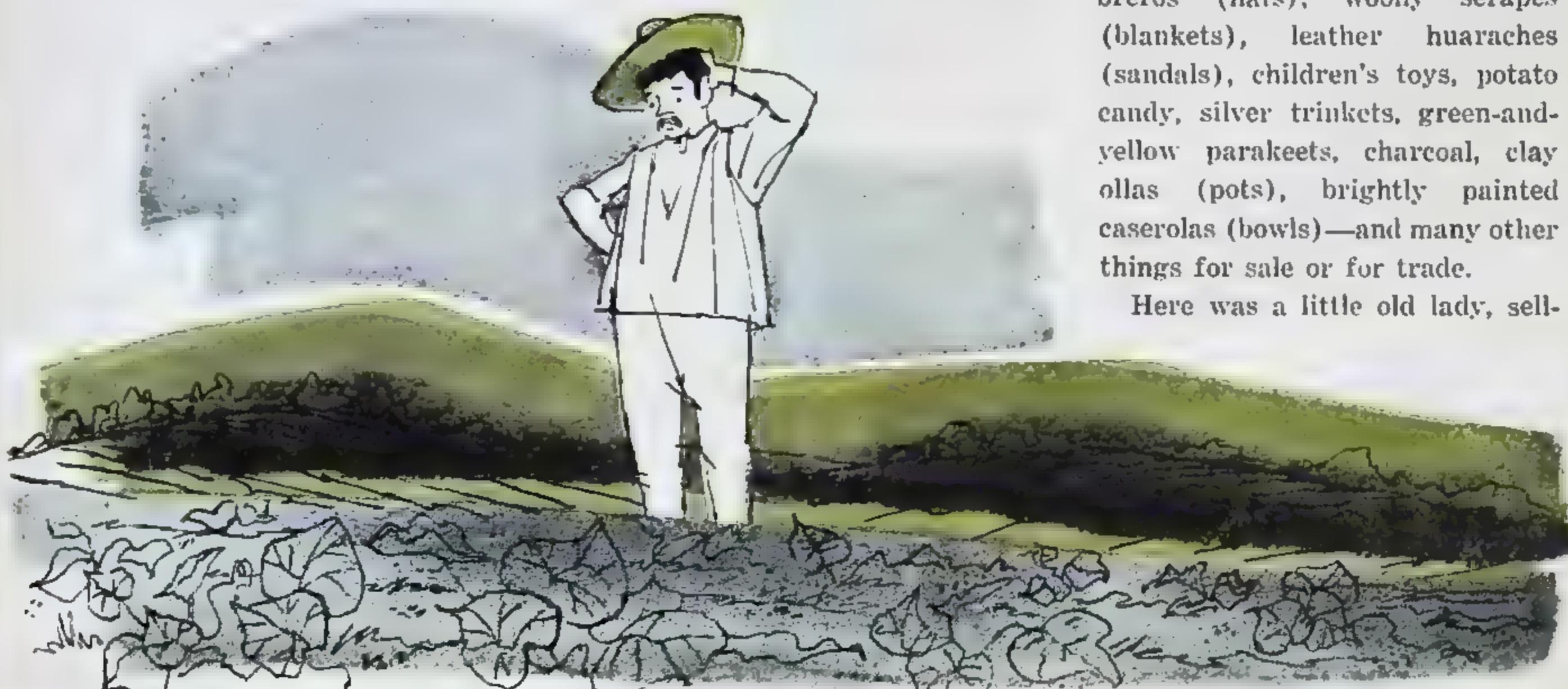
Now was there any doubt as to where these calabazas had come from?

The rascally stranger turned and ran toward the open countryside before the villagers could recover from their surprise and run after him.

Then Tío Juanito, still calm, smiled and settled down beside his precious produce, and commenced to enjoy the fun of market day as he had done hundreds of times before.



Spanish	English	Spanish	English	Spanish	English
tío	uncle	ninos	youngsters	señor	mister
Juanito	Johnny	muchachos	boys	Qué lástima!	What a pity!
pueblo	village	rodete	ring	ahorita	right away
canasta	basket	pingo	rascal	señorita	miss
calabaza	squash	vamos	let's go	flores	flowers
chato	snub-nose	maiz	corn	señora	Mrs.
zócalo	town square	serape	hat	marchanta	customer
amigos	friends	huarache	blanket	casita	little house
chicos	youngsters	olla	sandal	blusa	blouse
viejos	old folks	caserola	pot	gordita	little chubby one
fiesta	festival		bowl	bueno	good



Goofus and Gallant

By Garry Cleveland Myers
Pictures by Marion Hull Hammel



Goofus kicks over the woman's pail of apples.



Gallant helps the woman pick up her apples.



"It doesn't matter. It's not my wagon."



"We must be careful. This is not my wagon."



Goofus bangs on the typewriter and breaks it.



Gallant uses the typewriter very carefully.

Things You've Wondered About

By Jack Myers

Professor of Botany and Zoology, University of Texas

Question:

My father says that when things fall to the ground, their speed is just the same, no matter what they weigh. I would think that something heavier would fall faster than something lighter. We tried an experiment to find out. Dad stood up on our kitchen stool and dropped a dime and a half dollar so that they started at the same time. Each time we tried it, the coins seemed to land right together. So it looks as if Dad is right, but it is hard for me to believe. It just seems that a heavy coin should fall faster and reach the floor sooner than a light one. If the speed of something falling does not depend on its weight, what does it depend on?

May I compliment you and your father for trying the experiment. What your father said and what the experiment told you are right. The speed of a falling object is almost independent of its weight. We will get to the "almost" part later.

And you should not feel badly. One of the wisest of men once thought the same thing you did. Some four hundred years before the birth of Christ there lived in Greece a man named Aristotle (pronounced air-iss-TOT-el). He was just about the first real scientist. He carefully observed the world around him and tried to understand it. He wrote down what he saw and believed. Because he was so wise, people respected what he said. And for the following 2000 years, people learned what was known about science by learning what Aristotle had taught.

Now, none of us are perfect and we do make mistakes. You should realize that even today's scientists sometimes make mistakes. Even

in the textbooks used in universities there can be mistakes. So it is not surprising that Aristotle should have made mistakes, too. But it does seem surprising that for 2000 years—and that's a mighty long time—people should have learned about science just by memorizing what Aristotle had said. After all, science is learning about the world around us. It is a pretty marvelous world, and memorizing what someone else has said seems a dull way to study science.

One of the mistaken ideas which Aristotle had written down was that the speed of a falling body depends upon its size or weight. I don't know how he got this idea. I'm sure he did not think of doing the experiment which you and your father did with the two coins. And I guess that for 2000 years no one else did the experiment, either—they just believed what Aristotle had taught.

That's how things were until 1590 (only 370 years ago) when another man realized that he could learn about science for himself. At the University of Pisa in northern Italy there was a young teacher named Galileo Galilei. We remember him by his first name, Galileo (pronounced gal-i-LEE-oh), as one of the world's great scientists.

Because Galileo really was a scientist he DID the experiment. In Pisa there is still standing a monument which tips a little, the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa. Galileo tried his experiment by dropping iron balls from the top of the tower. He let go together a big



For helping a child to satisfy and cultivate his curiosity,
as if he were a budding scientist.

ball weighing about 10 pounds and a small ball weighing about 1 pound. The two balls hit the ground right together. Most people didn't believe what they saw, or maybe they just didn't want to believe. They had learned what Aristotle had taught. And it is upsetting for anyone to realize that something which he had believed is wrong. Galileo found that he was a mighty unpopular man.

Why should it be that the speed of fall of an object does not depend upon its weight? After all,

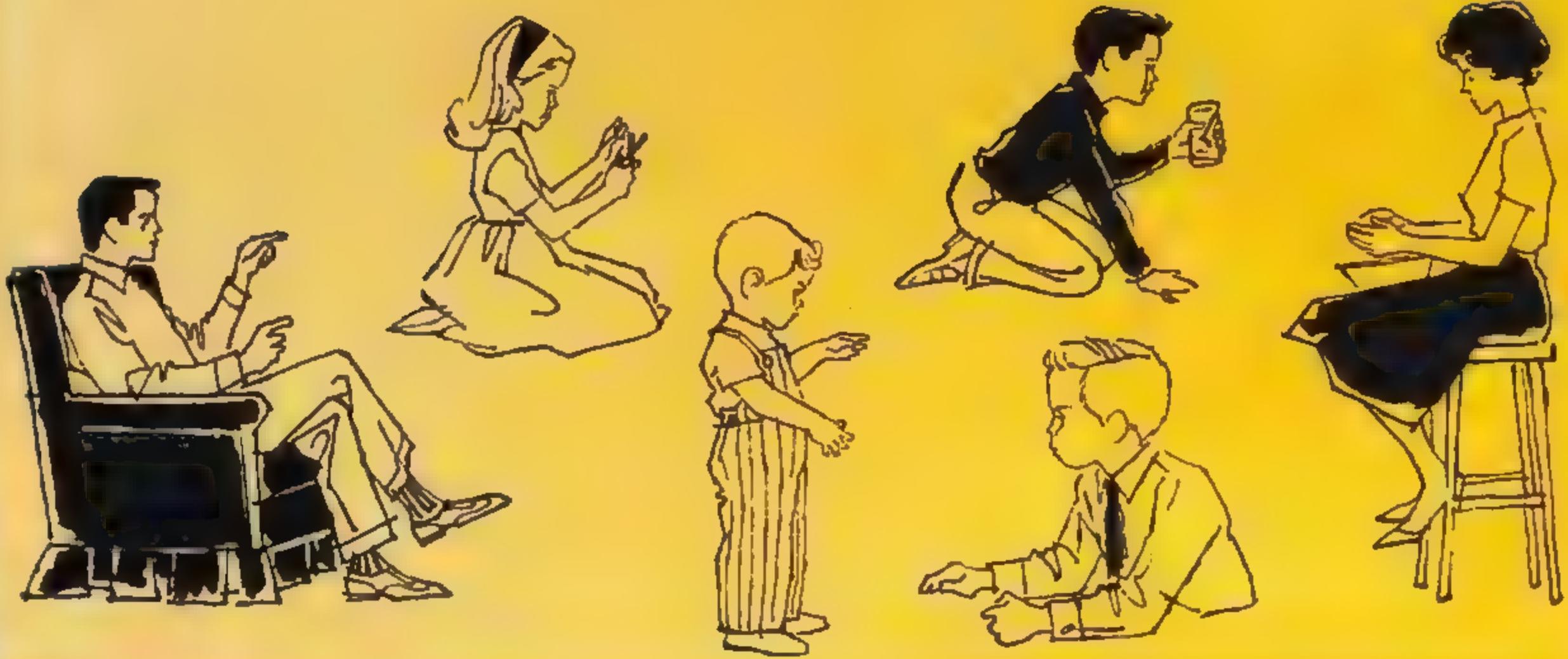
weight is just the pull on an object by the force of gravity. A heavier weight gets more pull. But it is also true that the bigger and heavier an object is, the more force it takes to get it moving. Try throwing a very big stone and a small stone. Which of them can you throw the fastest? I think you will get the idea. A heavier object has more pull on it, due to gravity. But because it is heavier it takes just that much more pull to get it moving. The two effects cancel out each other. And a big stone

and a small stone fall to the ground right together.

So, you see, your experiment came out just the same as Galileo's. I guess his experiment was a more careful one because he was able to use a tower almost 180 feet tall. Galileo didn't stop there. Just as you did, he asked other questions about falling bodies. What does determine how fast they fall? But it looks as if I have spent too much time talking about Aristotle and Galileo. Next month I will try to answer your last question.

What Are They Doing?

30



The pictures below will help you find out what each person is doing.



★ For using the names of living things in reading.



Hidden Pictures

★ On which the child three or four may outsmart his parents or grandparents.

In this large picture find the mouse, letter E, caterpillar, toy balloon, sword, four sea shells, spoon, milk bottle, fish, alarm clock, dog's head.

Our Own Page



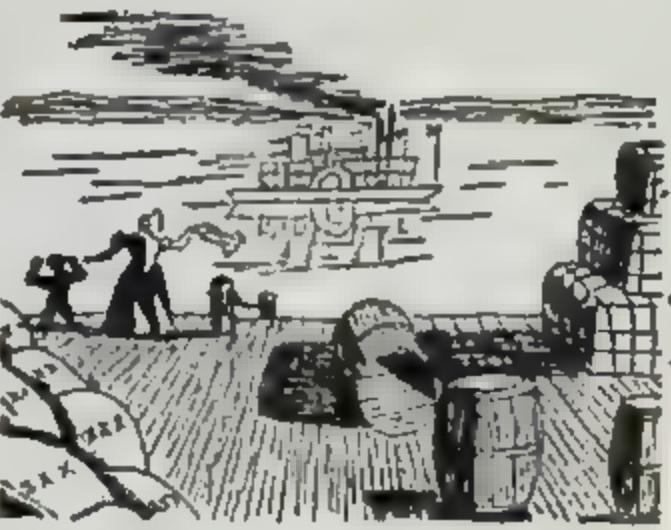
The Spooks of Halloween

The ghosts and goblins are out tonight.
When I first saw them they gave me a fright.
I'm dressed as a witch with a wicked black hat.
I duck very quick at the swoop of a bat.
The hoot of a hoot owl reaches my ears.
My playmate beside me is almost in tears.
I see one black cat after another.
One doesn't scare me because it's my brother.

Terri Crane, Age 10
612 S. Grand Ave.
Nashville, Ill.

Please send your drawings in black on white paper about eight by eleven inches, with your name, address, and age on the back. Also enclose a note from your parent or teacher stating that your drawings, stories, or verses are your very own. Mail Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pennsylvania. No contributions will be returned.

32



Mississippi Steamboat
Clinton Jackson, Age 12
Ames, Nebr.

Halloween

I like to go out
On Halloween.
There are lots of things
That are to be seen.

Like black cats on fences
And witches all around,
And ghosts who creep up
Without making a sound.

So you better watch out
And look behind you,
'Cause a ghost might creep up
And yell BOO!

Susan Dowd, Age 9
11 Flintlock Rd.
Lexington, Mass.

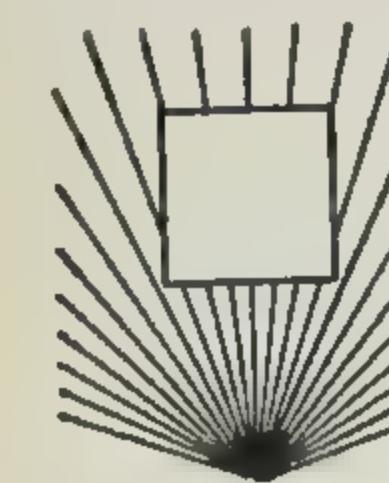
A Skyscraper View

I am a skyscraper, strong and tall.
I see the people—I see them all.
I am the skyscraper with the flag on top,
And the people with wondering eyes do stop,
And they always say (in the most wondering way),
"Look at the skyscraper with the flag on top."

Diane Nelson, Age 11
7055 Fernhill
Malibu, Calif.

Tricks and Teasers

- 1. Who Will Marry Whom?**
Mary, Margaret, and Maude will marry the three men named below. Jerry is a merchant. Maude is not engaged to the lawyer. The salesman's future wife is not Margaret. Jack is engaged to Mary. Joseph is a lawyer.
- 7. A man had an egg every morning for breakfast. Yet he never begged, borrowed, bought, or stole any eggs, and he had no chickens.**
- 8. A farmer owned a square plot of land. He decided to retain a small square for himself, and divide the remainder equally among his four sons. How did he do it?**



- 2. Is the figure in the center a perfect square?**

- 3. If you are standing on a ship, facing the front of the ship, which side is port? Which side is starboard?**

- 4. A tourist found a coin dated 48 B.C. Why was it false?**

- 5. An artist has a window in his studio which is 3 feet square. Because of the glare he made half the window opaque, leaving a 3-foot square window. How did he do it?**

- 6. The square shown is made up of 25 dots. Can you connect 12 dots with straight lines to form a perfect cross with 5 dots inside it and 8 dots outside?**



Answers to the numbered Tricks and Teasers are on page 36.

Take any number. Add 7. Double it. Add 16. Double it again. Divide by 4. Subtract 15. The result will always be the number started with.

Beginning and End of What?

morning—evening

Sunday—Saturday

birth—death

January 1—December 31

start—finish

departure—arrival

soup—dessert

hello—good-bye

rise—retire

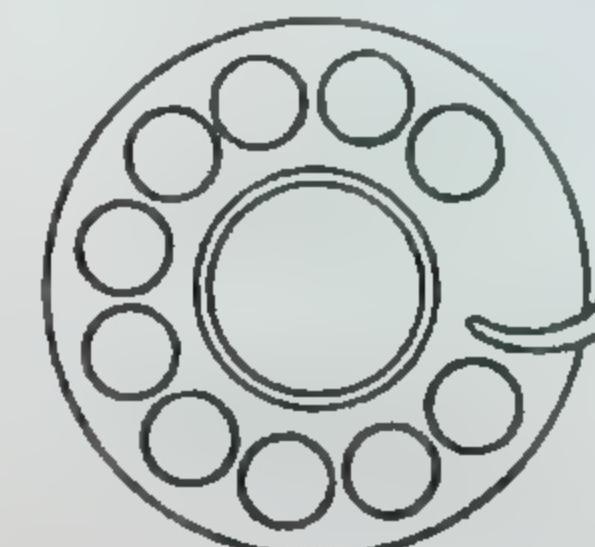
dusk—dawn

Which automobile is different?



Ask a friend to think of a number, to double it, add 4, multiply by 5, add 12, multiply by 10, and then tell you his result. By subtracting 320 and striking off the two zeros, you can tell him the number he thought of.

Without looking at your phone, can you fill in the proper numbers and letters as they appear on the dial?



33



Andante From the *First Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven

Arranged by Irene Harrington Young

34

Andante

mp

Ludwig van Beethoven

1770-1827

By Irene Bennett Needham

Ludwig van Beethoven was born in Bonn, Germany, probably on December 16, 1770. His father and grandfather were both musicians in the court band of the Archbishop-elector of Cologne. The grandfather, respected by everyone, died when Ludwig was three, but the boy never forgot him.

Ludwig's father was different. He drank too much, using the money his family needed for food. He was harsh and stern. The gentle, loving mother, daughter of the chief cook in a nobleman's palace, had very little happiness with him.

The boy Mozart had been playing in the courts of kings, bringing fame to his teacher-father, so Beethoven's father thought it would be nice to have his little boy be a prodigy. When Ludwig was four, his father and another musician began to teach the lad. Whether they came home at midnight or later, they got the boy out of bed and started to teach him, being free with the blows when the little fellow was too sleepy to learn.

Mother Beethoven waited out in the hall and, when the teachers fell asleep, she slipped in, caught the little boy up in her arms, and tucked him into his bed.

Somehow he survived his training and, when he was nine, knew as much as his father, so he had lessons for a year from a tenor singer who lodged with them. His general schooling was irregular, and at thirteen that ceased altogether.

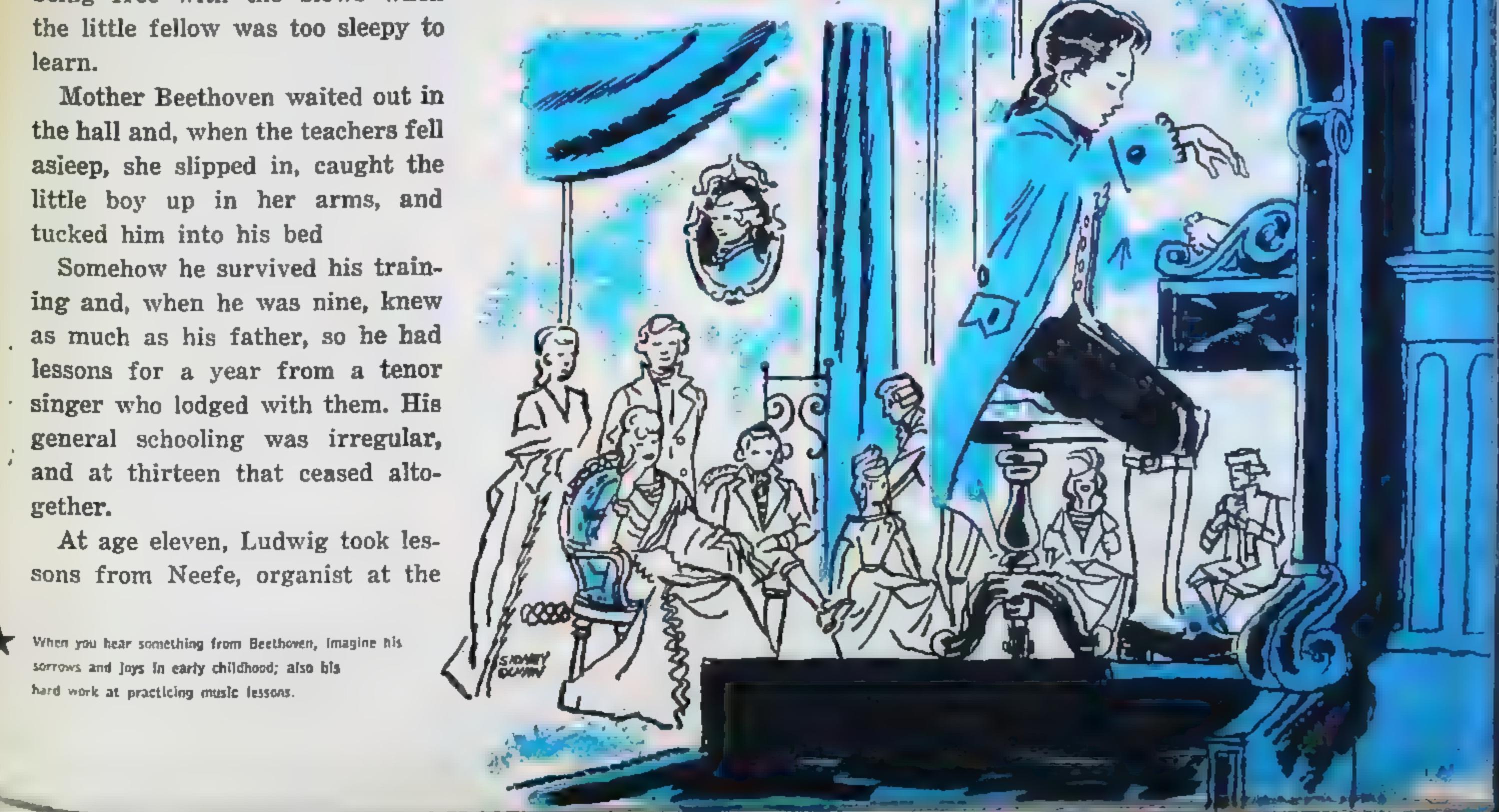
At age eleven, Ludwig took lessons from Neefe, organist at the

court. When Neefe left, Beethoven, who was eleven-and-a-half years old, became organist until his return. At that time he could play all of Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier" and had composed several sonatas.

When he was thirteen, the boy became conductor of the court orchestra for rehearsals. There was no pay but he learned a great deal. He composed music, still with no pay. Then his father's voice failed entirely so there was no family income. Ludwig played the organ for six o'clock Mass every morning in a nearby church, and he gave some music lessons.

Life was incredibly hard. The wonder of it is that he survived at all, that he kept his sanity, and that he still loved music. Actually, music and his mother's kindness were the only bright things in his life until he came to know the von Breunings when he was about seventeen.

Illustrated by Sidney A. Quinn



When you hear something from Beethoven, imagine his sorrows and joys in early childhood; also his hard work at practicing music lessons.

Here he saw for the first time a family of education and refinement, living happily with a world of books, music, and friends. Through them he learned about the English authors he came to love. He met other people of education and refinement who became his friends for life. He met the members of the nobility who respected his great gifts and helped him throughout his life.

The elector, or ruler, of Bonn took notice of Beethoven, probably through Mrs. von Breuning's influence, and the young man was sent to study in Vienna with Haydn. The old man was busy and paid little attention to the young newcomer. However, Beethoven built a life of his own there, and Vienna became his home.

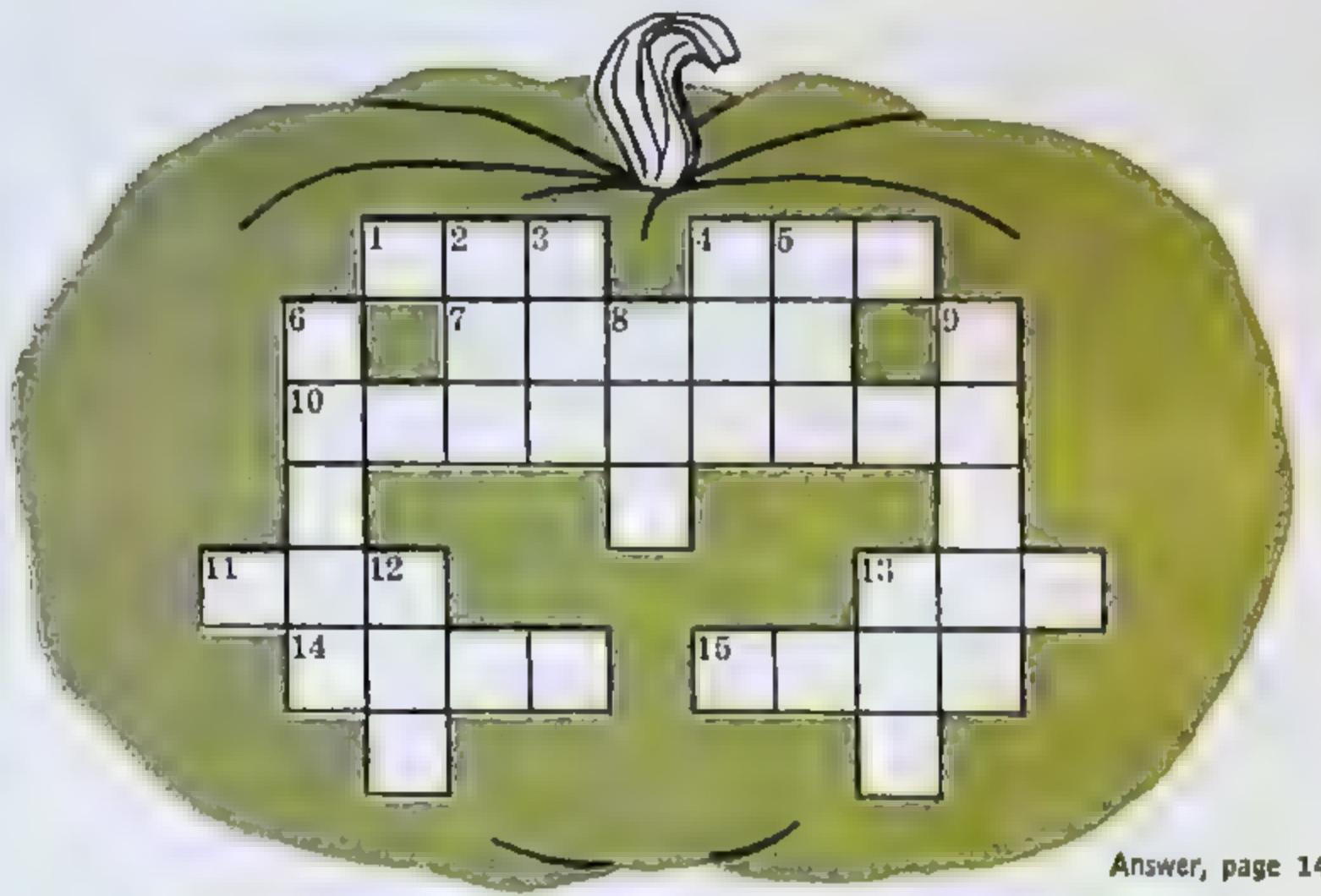
Compared to Mozart and Mendelssohn, Beethoven had composed



36

A Crossword Puzzle

By Carol Conner



Answer, page 14

Across

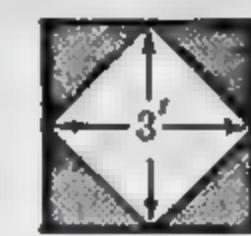
- Ocean
- A color
- Joint of arm
- Special night in October
- To question
- Witch's companion
- What a clock tells
- Trick-or-treat time

Down

- Long, smooth fish
- Everyone
- To use oars
- Female sheep
- White-robed spook
- To duck for apples
- To tiptoe around
- Outfit
- To shout

Answers, Tricks and Teasers Page 33

- Mary-Jack; Margaret-Joseph; Maude-Jerry.
- Yes.
- Port is on the left and starboard on the right.
- A genuine coin would not be dated "B.C." which stands for "before Christ."
-



6.



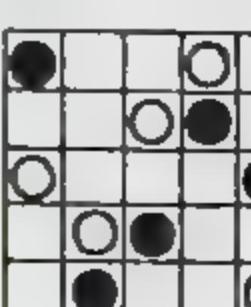
7. He ate ducks' eggs.

8. Here is one answer. Can you figure out others?



9. He pulled out the plug.

10. Here is one answer. Can you figure out others?



very little at the age of twenty-two. He matured more slowly. He wrote his musical ideas into sketchbooks. These he worked over and revised. Each composition took a prodigious amount of work.

Just in his prime at the age of twenty-eight, he began to lose his hearing. Nothing could be worse for a composer. But he kept on. Much of his greatest music was written after he was completely deaf. A lesser person would have given up. But for courage and fortitude, this short, thickset man was unequalled.

He would sit at the piano in the

drawing rooms of his wealthy friends, improvising or making up music as he played, until he had everyone in tears. He never married, for the women he liked were usually of the nobility, and marriage with a commoner was unthinkable.

His nine symphonies, one opera, one violin concerto, sonatas, chamber music, and a tremendous number of songs have been published, many of them in his lifetime. The timid and fearful have nothing in common with him. For sheer courage he has no superiors, and for overcoming handicaps, few equals.



Illustrated by Alice Chapin

Children of Thailand

"Swadti" means hello in the language of Thailand, a country in Asia. Children there, and all over the world, enjoy greeting their friends and sharing their games, songs, and stories with one another. They like to make things with their hands as you do, too.

A boy from Thailand might greet you and say:

"Swadti! I am Choon, a boy of eleven, and I live in Bangkok. My city has often been called the Venice of the East because many of its streets are really canals, or what we call khlongs. So much of our trading is done by boat. I especially like the food sellers, who have little stoves on their skiffs, and cook hot rice, fish, and vegetables right there. Other boats sell fruit, and still others tea. So you can float up the khlong in a boat, and eat a picnic right on the water. Bangkok's dry streets are as busy as the khlongs, with automobiles, buses, and rickshaws called sam-lohs which are pedaled instead of pulled.

"The most beautiful buildings in my city are the Grand Palace and the temples. There are more than three hundred temples. Perhaps you have seen pictures of Bangkok taken from the Chao Phraya River, showing the tall towers of a temple rising up from the banks. This is Wat Arum, the Temple of Dawn. But the one I like best of all is Wat Phra Keo, the royal temple inside the Grand Palace walls. Two stern-faced giants, made of plaster and covered with many-colored chips of broken porcelain, stand guarding the gates, and there are tinkling bells on the roof. Inside the main part of the temple is the Emerald Buddha, which is really carved of green jasper. It wears golden robes that are changed three times a year—for the hot season, the rainy season, and the cool season.

"To you people from other lands,

my country has been known at different times as Thailand and Siam. But we Thais have always called our nation Muang Thai, which means Land of the Free."

Or a Thai girl might say:

"My name is Vipha (weep'-ha). This is my village near Nakorn Sawan, where three rivers join and become the Chao Phraya that flows down to Bangkok. Nakorn Sawan is the center of our teak industry. We use elephants to push the great teak logs down to the river. Elephants are also very clever about breaking up log jams. Often they seem to know, without being told, which log is causing the

jam, and they pull it out, releasing all the other logs.

"My house is built of teak and bamboo, high above the ground so that it will be safe in case of floods. Like most homes, ours is in a compound, or large yard, surrounded by a bamboo fence. In our yard we have a vegetable patch, a coco palm, a betel palm, and some banana trees.

"Rice is our most important crop and also our main food. We eat it with vegetables, fruits, and curries; often fish curry which I like very much. But before we begin our morning rice, we give some food to the monks from the village wat, or temple. The monks are not allowed to own anything, neither money nor possessions. So they come by in their yellow robes, carrying begging bowls for the people to fill with food. As is often the custom among the young men of our country, my brother will enter the monastery for a little while when he is older."

This story and many more from Nigeria, Greece, Chile, and Guinea can be found in the HI NEIGHBOR Series, Book 3, published by the United States Committee for UNICEF, United Nations, New York (\$1.00). The book contains stories, games, crafts, music, and recipes. A record of folk songs and dances is available, too, from the same source (\$3.00).



United Nations Week comes in October See also page 14.

37

Halloween Party

By Bernice Walz

Early in October, David and his mother made plans to have a Halloween party. David made jack-o'-lantern invitations out of orange construction paper. He drew the features on the face with colored crayon. On it he printed "Come to My Halloween Party," writing the words inside the eyes, nose, and mouth. On the other side of it he wrote his name, address, the date and time of the party, and "Please wear a costume."

The day of the party, David met his guests at the front door, dressed as a ghost. After shaking hands with each one, he said in a screechy voice, "Please follow me."

Then, waving his arms as though he were flying, he took each one to the party room. The lights had been covered with blue crepe paper to give the room an eerie look. Halloween cutouts of jack-o'-lanterns, witches, black cats, bats, owls, and ghosts were hung everywhere around the room.

In the corner sat Mother, dressed as a witch, stirring something in a big kettle. As David led each guest to her, she said:

Please tell me what you are.
Tell me, please do.

Then you may have a drink
Of this special witch's brew.

After each guest told Mother who he was, she gave him a drink of orangeade from her kettle.

When everyone had arrived, it was time to play games.

Follow the Ghost

David was the leader for this game. He told the children they must follow him, go wherever he went, and do whatever he did. With all kinds of twists and turns and strange noises, David led them through the house and back again to the party room. The guests enjoyed showing off their costumes as they paraded through the rooms.

Halloween Pie

David had his guests stand in a circle. One guest was chosen to be It. Mother tied a blindfold around his eyes and put him in the center of the circle. The one who was It pretended to be mixing a Halloween pie as the children danced around him. Suddenly he called "Stop!" Then he pointed, saying, "My Halloween pie needs something. What is it?" The one he pointed to answered, changing his voice, "Your pie needs more milk." If It could guess correctly who was speaking, he could be It for the next game. If he missed, the one he pointed to was It. If the one who was It guessed correctly two times in a row, David gave him a prize, and chose someone else to be It.

Black Cat Hop

The boys raced against the girls for this game. Each side lined up, one behind the other, back of a starting line. At a given signal, the leader of each side hopped on one foot to the other side of the room, picked up a black paper cat, hopped



back to the next player in line, and handed him the cat. This player had to hop to the wall, leave the cat, hop back, and touch the next player in line. They continued this way until one side was finished. The side to finish first began howling like Halloween cats. As soon as David gave each one a few orange and black gumdrops to eat, they were quiet.

Ghost Hunt

David had hidden many tissue-paper ghosts around the room. At a given signal, everyone started hunting for the ghosts. When all of the ghosts had been found, David gave each guest a candy ghost. These were tiny lollipops with a piece of white cleansing tissue draped over the candy, held in place

with a piece of white pipe cleaner twisted around to represent arms. The one who found the most ghosts received a ghost mask.

Halloween Fortunes

David passed a bowl in which there were small orange construction paper jack-o'-lanterns with a fortune written on the back, as "You will be a jet pilot"—or beauty operator, dancer, and so on. As each guest drew out his fortune, he read it to himself, then acted it out for the others to guess.

Refreshments

Mother had covered the party table with green crepe paper. There was a Halloween candy cake in the center. It had green icing, and all kinds of Halloween candy such as pumpkins, candy corn,

black cats, and orange and black jelly beans had been pressed into the icing on the top and the sides. Two lighted jack-o'-lanterns on either side of the cake smiled at everyone.

At each guest's place was a place card favor. Mother had made these from two pieces of orange tarlatan, cut in the shape of jack-o'-lanterns, sewed together with green yarn. She had filled them with candy corn, and tied them at the top with a green yarn bow. David had cut eyes, nose, and mouth from yellow construction paper for each face. He had printed the guest's name on the mouth, then pasted the pieces in place.

Chocolate ice cream and orange pop tasted good with the cake.

39

Pumpkin-eyes Guessing Game

By Ruth Perdue



Draw a large pumpkin shape on a piece of heavy cardboard or corrugated paper from a carton. Draw eyes, nose, and mouth. Make the eyes the same distance apart as your own. Then cut out ONLY the eyes. Color the pumpkin with orange crayon.

Fasten the pumpkin in a doorway, or on a table or chair. Drape a sheet below it to hide a person

standing or kneeling behind it.

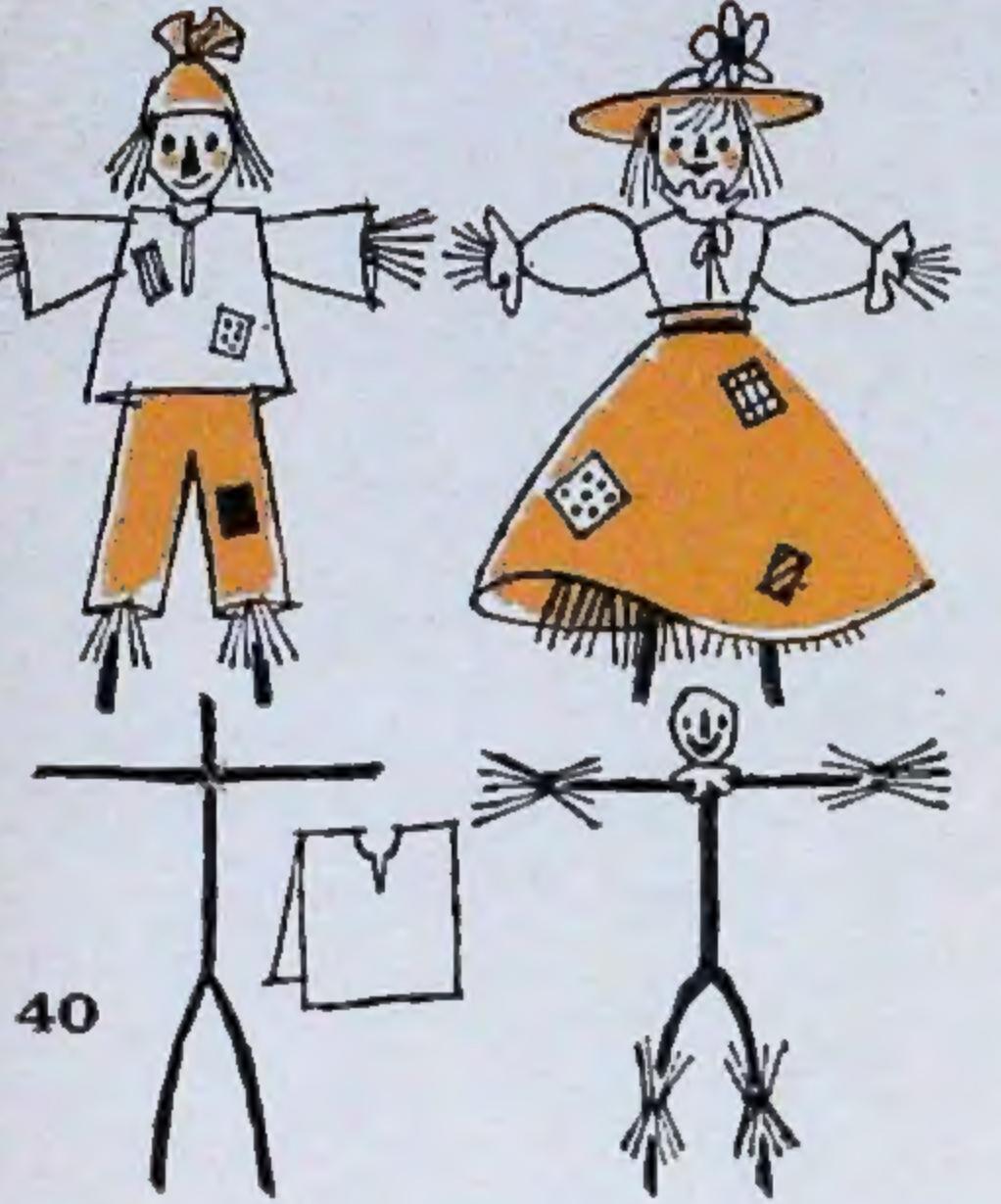
Divide the players into two teams. Place one team behind the pumpkin, the other in front. Each player behind the pumpkin takes one turn looking through the pumpkin eyes, while the players of the other team try to guess who he is. The teams then change places. The group with the most correct guesses wins the game.

Things To Do

Halloween Scarecrows By Ella L. Langenberg

Find a forked stick that will make the legs and body. If the scarecrow is to be used for outdoor decoration, the stick should be strong enough to stand up when pushed into the ground. For a table decoration, push a forked stick, 10 or 12 inches high, into a mound of clay. Tie a second stick across the first one to make the arms.

Make a ball of cotton for the head. Cover it with flesh-colored plastic or a nylon stocking. Pull it down, and tie it around the neck. Color the features with ink or paint.



40

Sew grass, cornhusks, or raffia to the head. Tie some at the wrists and ankles.

Tie or sew pieces of cloth on the arms and legs. Pad the body with cotton or cloth to give it shape, if desired.

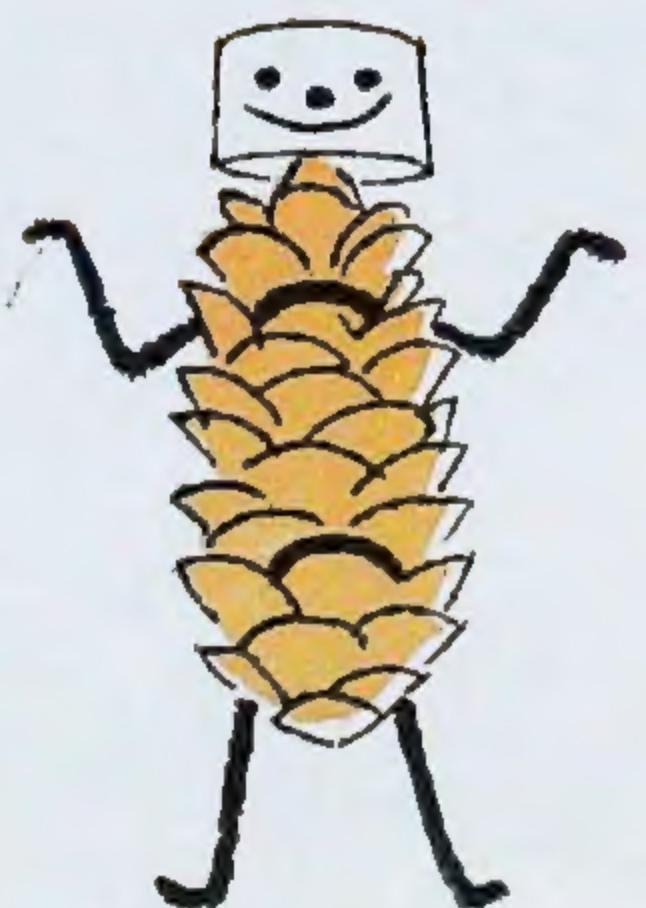
Cut a shirt or blouse like the pattern shown. For the girl's skirt, gather a piece of cloth and sew in place. Cut her hat from felt with a hole at the top, so it will pull down on the head. The boy's cap is a piece of sock, gathered at the top.



One-leaf Pictures

By Bernice Walz

Select any kind of leaf. Paste it in the center of a piece of construction paper. Use the leaf for the body. With crayons, add heads, legs, and tails to make pictures of all kinds of animals. Try making people, too. See how many different pictures can be made.



Halloween Hobgoblin By Carolyn F. Young

Each hobgoblin requires one long, narrow pine cone, two colored pipe cleaners, and a large marshmallow. Bend the pipe cleaners around the cone, one near the top and one near the stem end, as shown. Twist them at the back, bring them out the sides, and bend

them into arm and leg shapes.

With a soft lead pencil draw eyes, nose, and mouth on the round side of the marshmallow. Press it firmly down over the top of the cone, as shown.

Use them for party favors or for the dinner table.

Witch Pin By Barbara Baker

Cut and paste together a 2½-inch black felt circle, and a smaller yellow one, with cardboard circle between. Make the broom from a twig with grasses wired on the end.

Cut out the black witch. Paste to the yellow circle with the broom between. Add a half-sequin eye. Sew a small safety pin on the back of the pin.



Paper Bag Funny Doll

By Ruth Libbey

Six paper bags are needed—a small one for the head, four larger ones for the arms and legs, and one the same size or a little larger for the body. Color a funny face on the head. Stuff torn paper in the head and body.

Split the body bag as shown. Tie on the legs with colored yarn. Put the head into the other end of the body. Tie with yarn.

With a large needle and yarn, sew the arms to the body. Tie yarn around the wrists.



41

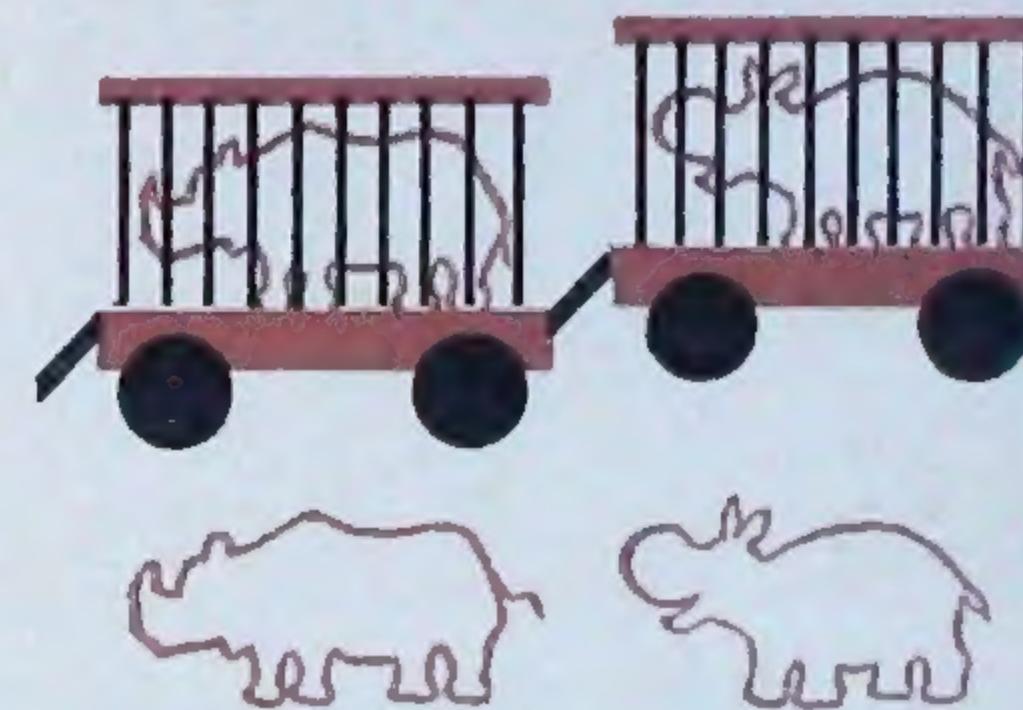
Circus Wagons By Evelyn Walker

Cut two strips of red poster paper, $\frac{3}{4}$ by 6 inches. Cut two strips 1 by 6 inches. Cut four circles for wheels. Cut twenty strips of black paper, $\frac{1}{4}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, for bars on cages. Draw and cut out two animals from tan paper.

Assemble the two circus wagons

on a large sheet of poster paper. Paste on animals first. Place the black strips over the animals, and paste the ends of the strips only.

Cover these, top and bottom, with the red strips. Paste on the wheels. Join the wagons with tongues of red paper, as shown.



Quick-and-easy Indian Headdress By Virginia Appelt

Cut a strip of corrugated cardboard 1 to 2 inches wide and long enough to go around the head. Fasten the ends of the strip together with cellophane tape or attach a piece of string to each end to

tie on the headdress.

Stick the feathers down into the ridges of the corrugated cardboard all around, or place a few together at one side. The feathers can always be rearranged.



For hours of artistic creation with on-hand or inexpensive materials.



Headwork

Is Mrs. Morse a man or a woman?
Do you eat water or drink it?
Which is older, a cat or a kitten?
Is it always morning?
Which do we buy meat from, the barber or the butcher?
Which are easier to put on, mittens or gloves?
Can a child five years old remember? Can he forget?
Give as many names of dogs as you can.
Are more of your cousins boys or girls?
Which does a child learn first, to talk or to write?
Why are more children hurt in the daytime than at night?
Why would you rather sleep on a bed than on the bare floor?
Which has a wider bill, a duck or a hen?
Why are there more leaves on the ground in October than in June?
What is the difference between the thread we sew with and the thread of a bolt and nut?

42

Name all the ways you can think of by which a fire may start that could destroy houses or forests.

Imagine yourself waking up all alone at night. Name some sounds you might hear then that should not frighten you.

How can you tell the title and author of a book on a shelf with other books? Name three places in or on a book where you may find the title and author.

"There's something crawling up my back," said Joan. But she couldn't see it. Then how did she know?

Mother said one evening, "You didn't shave this morning, Daddy." How did she know he didn't?

A woman said, "Since we changed from coal to oil, to heat our home, I haven't had to dust the furniture so often." Why?

A farmer said, "We pipe water into all the rooms of our house from a spring, but we don't have to pump the water." How do you know this spring was higher than the top floors of the house?

How is a tornado different from a hurricane?

When you mail a package, what information must you give at the post office before you know how much postage to put on the package?

Would you rather hear a band playing in a small room or a very large hall? Why?

Marie entered the first grade at school when she was six years old. She graduated from high school when she was sixteen. How do you know that Marie skipped some grades?



Parents! Important Notice

We have full-time or part-time work for mothers and others in many areas as HIGHLIGHTS sales representatives. This is an opportunity for pleasant, profitable, useful work—your chance to perform a real service to your community and at the same time add substantially to your income. If you have a car and full-time or regular part-time hours available, write to Richard H. Bell, Director of Representative Sales, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, Inc., P. O. Box 269, Columbus 16, Ohio.



Maribel Ruiz Briceno, Age 12



Magda Riguero, Age 12

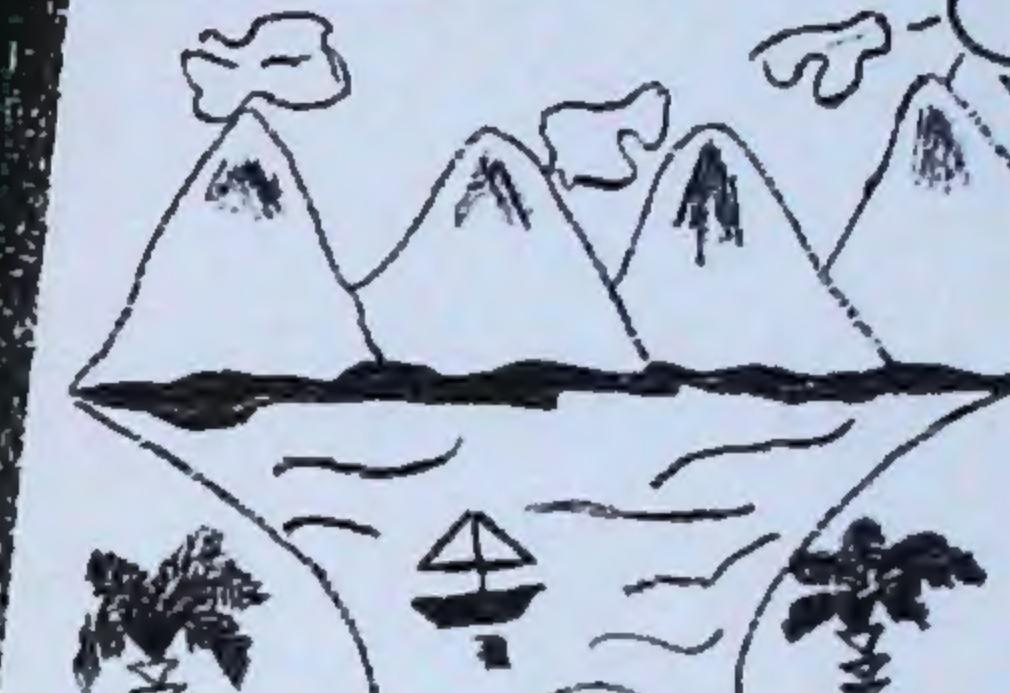


Linda DaBoub, Age 12



Virgilio Arguello, Age 11

Drawings Made by Children of Nicaragua



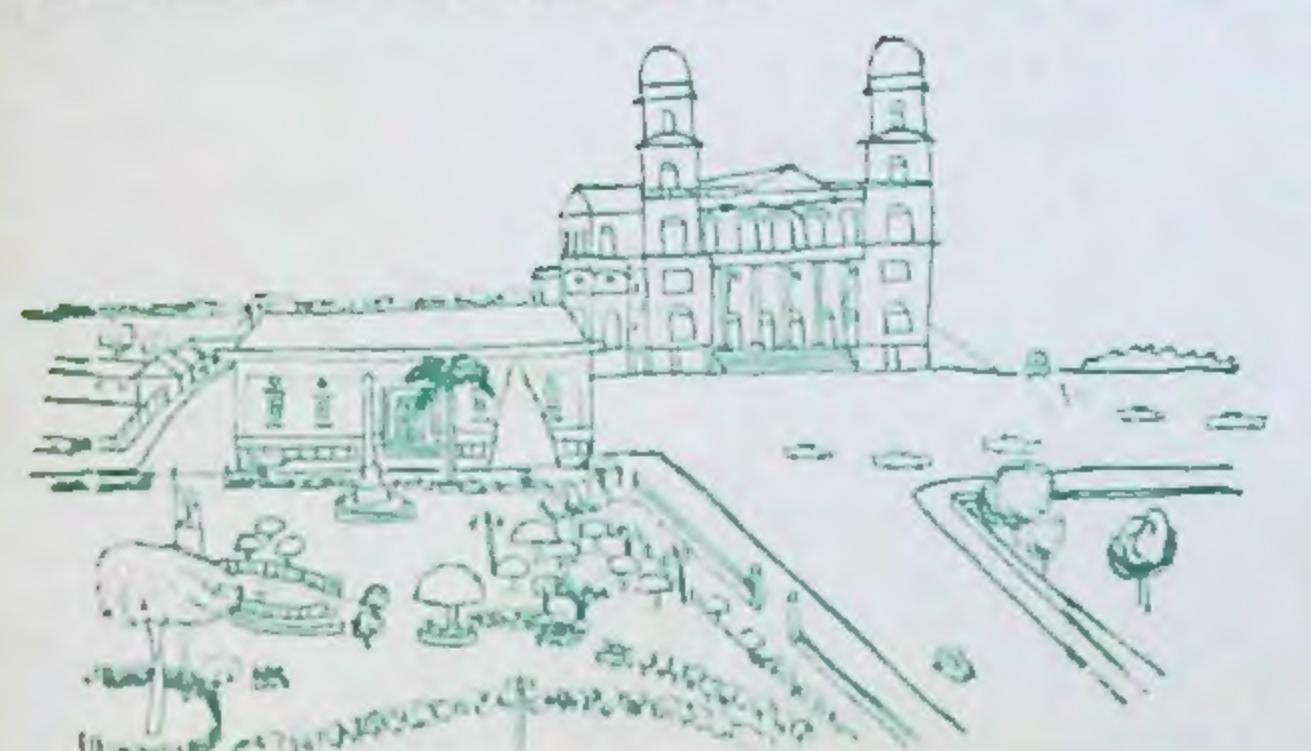
Maria Mayorga, Age 8



Nancy Rostran, Age 12



Hermann Becker, Age 10



Oscar Sung, Age 12



Vera Lynne Gorscagen, Age 9

Good-bye!

until next month



Purchased, Scanned and Uploaded
by:

Lost Library of the Atypical and Unobtainable

Send requests and appreciation to:
www.patreon.com/LLAU

Other social media coming soon!